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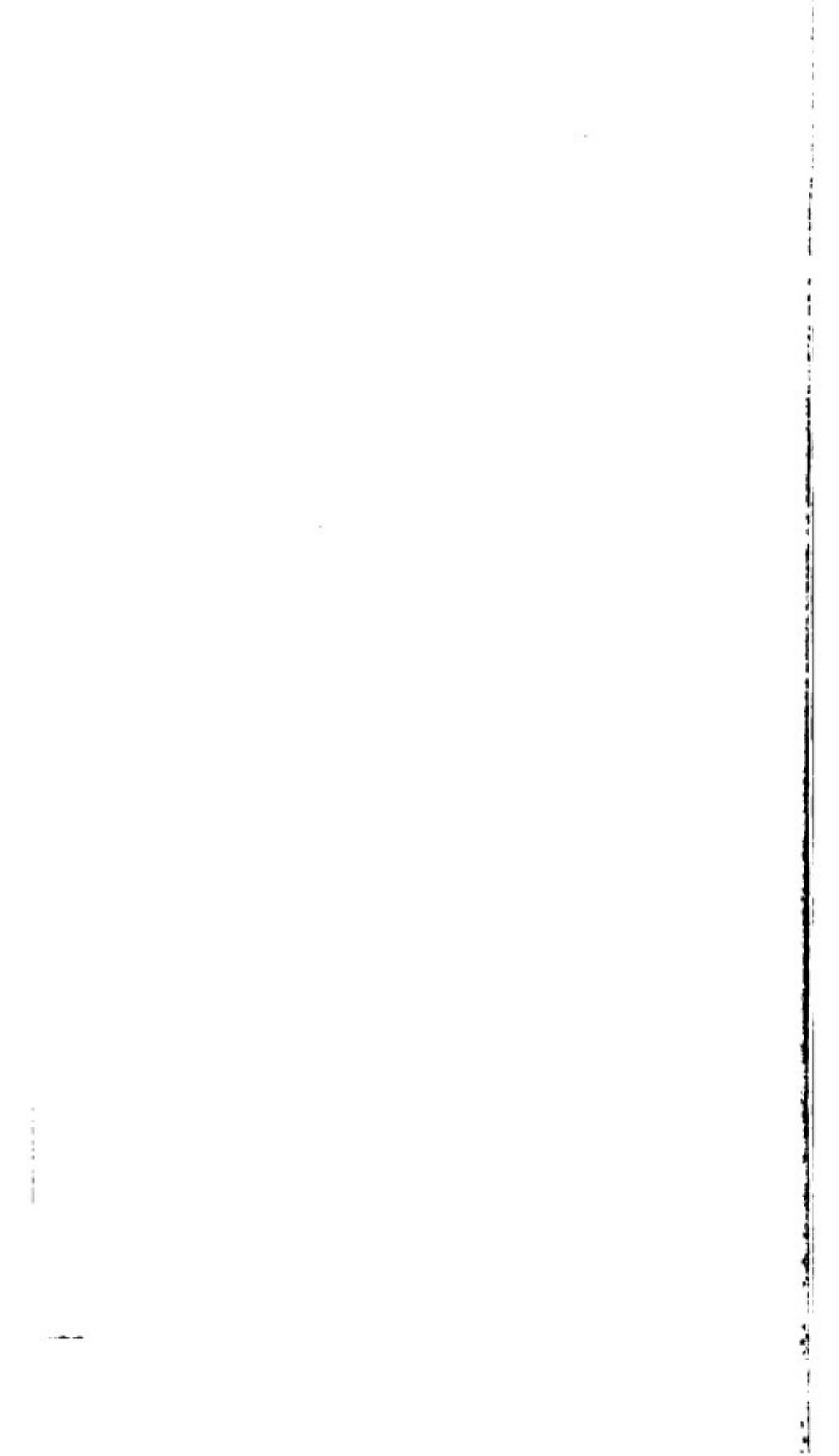
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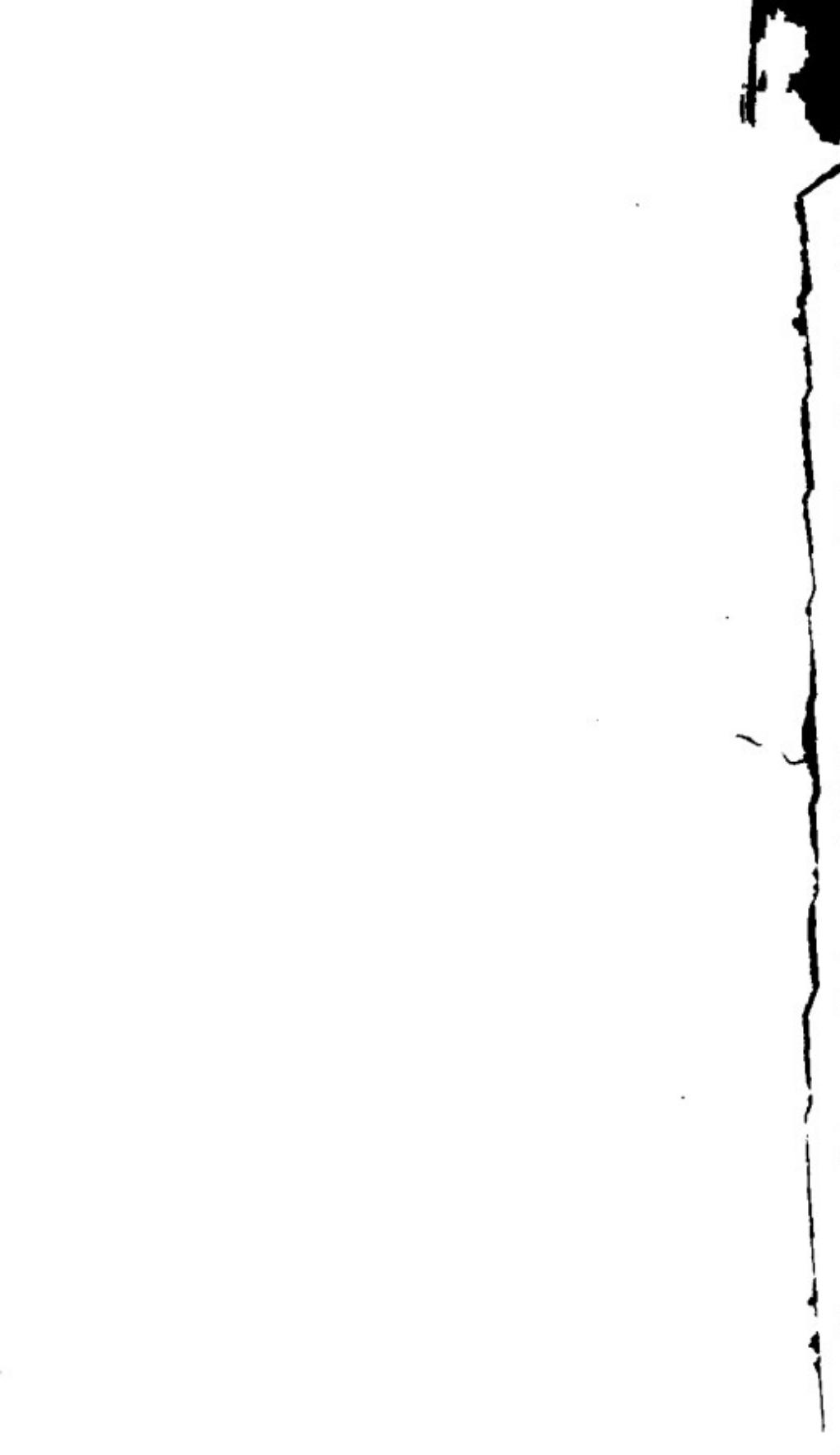
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Posthumous Works

In Prose and Verse,

Written in the time of the Civil War
and Reign of K. Charles II. by

Mr. Samuel Butler,

Author of **Hudibras.**

FROM

Original MSS. and Scarce and
Valuable Pieces formerly printed.

WITH

A Key to Hudibras

by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Sam. Baiscos.

1715.

22207-2000-000

Слайд V. Введение

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THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

240 of 240 Homeostat.

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Імперія Святого Римського Євангелія Імператора Францієнка ІІІ

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the day of the meeting, and the time of the meeting.

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Posthumous Works

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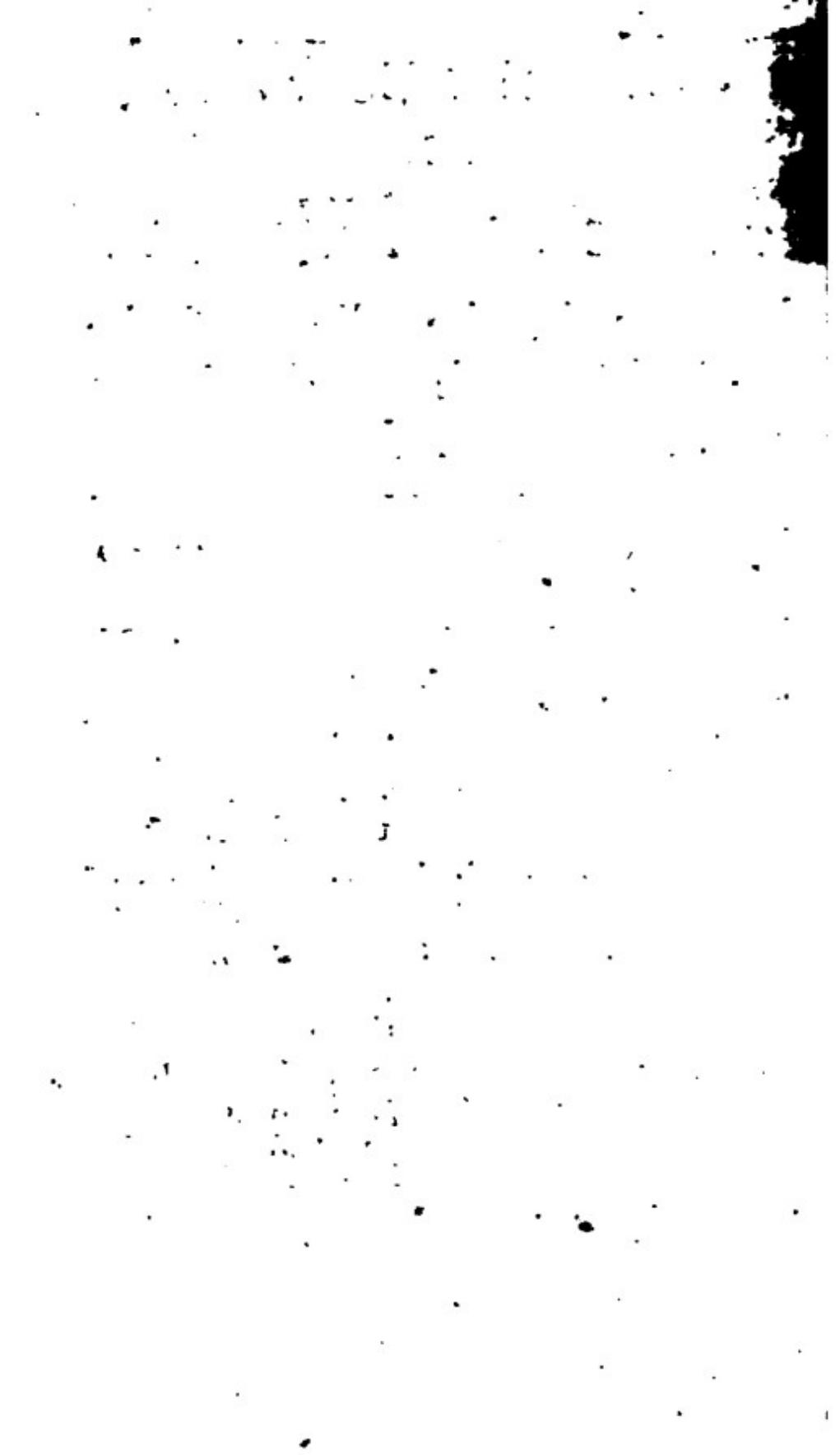
PROSE and VERSE.

Written in the Time of the
Grand Rebellion, and Reign
of King CHARLES II.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER,
Author of *Hudibras*.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. A Burlesque Pin-darick on Dr Val. | 9. A Conference betwixt a Puritan and a Family. |
| 2. Court Burlesqu'd. | 10. A Quaker against the Independants. |
| 3. Proposals for Farming Liberty of Con. | 11. An Independant against the Quakers. |
| 4. The Assembly-Man. | 12. Geneva Ballad. |
| 5. The Case of King Charles I. stated. | 13. The Character of the Five Sectaries. |
| 6. His Character. | With a Key to <i>Hudibras</i> by Sir Roger L'Estrange. |
| 7. Good Advice in bad Times, a Satyr. | |
| 8. The Character of a Fanatick. | |
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LONDON; Printed for S. BRISCOE,
and Sold by R. Smith, G. Strahan at the
Royal Exchange, J. Brown without Temple-Bar, and J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall. 1715.





To the most
Illustrious Prince
J A M E S,
Duke of *Ormond.*

May it please Your Grace,

Hough it is Folly
T^e and Presumption
to approach your
Person with this
Piece, yet, as the Author
of it had the Honour to be

Dedication.

of the Name of BUTLER,
and highly respected by
your never to be forgotten
Grandfather, for his Loy-
alty, which incited all your
Noble Family to admire his
Works, as well as King
Charles the Second, who
never went abroad without
'em, we have attempted to
make a Dedication of his
Posthumous Labours (which
have been collected with a
great deal of Trouble and
Charges) to your Grace;
whose Fidelity ever to the
Royal

Dedication.

Royal Family, as well as Country, both at Home and abroad, causes Great-Britain, as well as Ireland, to admire your admirable Conduct, in all the High Employments which the Crown (for your unparallel'd Merits) have been pleas'd to bestow upon you. The original Piece of Mr. Samuel Butler, intituled, *Fludibras*, has met with a general and kind Reception through Christendom, by all that were

Dedication.

acquainted with his Lan-
guage ; and being writ
with a great deal of Fire
and sublime Thoughts on
the Account of Monarchi-
cal Government, it had
been before now translated
into most *European* Lan-
guages, by the last and
present Age, but only his
coining new Words, to
make jingle to his Verse
(call'd *Carmen joculare* by
the *Latins*) being not to
be made intelligible in a-
nother Tongue, the At-
tempt

Dedication.

tempt was left off. What we here present your Grace of his, are as valuable, as being writ with the same *Energy* and *Force of Thought* as the other ; but your Grace being of that Clearness and Perspicuity of Wit, that we need not give any Introduction for the setting forth the Drift of Mr. Butler's Design in what he writ, as tending all to the Glory of Church and State, in opposition to Antimonarchical Principles ;

A 4 now,

Dedication.

now, with all submission,
give me the liberty of speak-
ing no more in Mr. Butler's
Praise, to blazon yours :
but knowing your Modesty
exceeds your Grandeur, I
durst not presume to give
any other Enecomium upon
your Grace, than to say,
that all People bestow the
same Eulogy upon you,
which most claffick Authors
report was given to *Vespasian*,
the Roman Emperor,
Amor ac Delicia humani ge-
neris; not only *Vige en-*

+ A.

titles

Dedication.

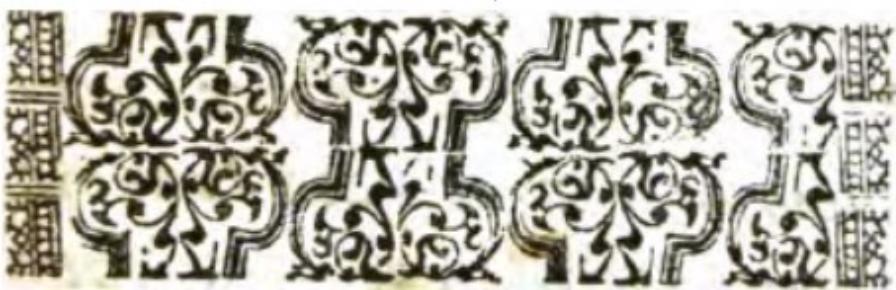
titles you to that Character,
but many other Transactions,
which I forbear repeating,
because it is my Ambition to subscribe myself

Your Grace's

Most humble and

obedient Servant,





TO THE
READER.



*H*E following
Pieces, which
are here offer'd
to the Publick,
are the Remains of that
great and celebrated Genius
Mr. BUTLER, Author of
Hudi-

To the READER.

Hudibras: No greater Complement can be paid to these Writings, than to say, they are His; and therefore I shall forbear to add anything further to their Praise, since no one, who is the least acquainted with the Characters of this Glory of our Nation, but must secretly congratulate himself, and Mankind upon the recovery of this invaluable Treasure, and conceive the highest Idea of any thing that comes from so renowned a Hand,

from

To the READER.

from one whom all confess
the most exalted Wit of the
Age in which he liv'd, and
one of the brightest Spirits
that ever adorn'd our Island:
There is no one, I say, who
has heard the Name of
BUTLER, but will naturally
expect from these Mi-
scellanies every Excellence
that can be met with in hu-
man Productions: He will
depend to see Wit in its
whole extent and variety,
so unconstrain'd, and flow-
ing with that freedom, as
if

To the READER.

if the great Author were
only the Amanuensis to
some Heavenly Muse; and
charmed us with Thoughts,
not his own.

What therefore the Reader may be inform'd of is,
that a very great Expence,
and almost incredible Industry
has been laid out in
collecting these Papers, which
have been scattered thro' an
infinite number of Hands,
and could not have been re-
covered but by the most in-
tense application,

To

To the READER.

To conclude, These genuine
Pieces were written, as
may be collected from the
general Arguments, partly
during the Rebellion, and
partly at the latter end of
King Charles the Second's
Reign, about which Time
your inimitable Author died.

Just at the finishing of
this Volume, the Publisher
of it having receiv'd some
extraordinary Pieces done
by this celebrated Author,
from several Gentlemen, he
is,

To the READER.

it, at their Request, desired
to publish them; and ac-
cordingly he will, next
Term, oblige the World
with 'em: Therefore if any
other Persons have any Man-
uscripts of Mr. SAMUEL
BUTLER's in their Hands,
if they please to send 'em to
Mr. John Morphew near
Stationers-Hall, they shall
be carefully inserted in the
next Volume, which will be
printed at the Time above
mentioned.

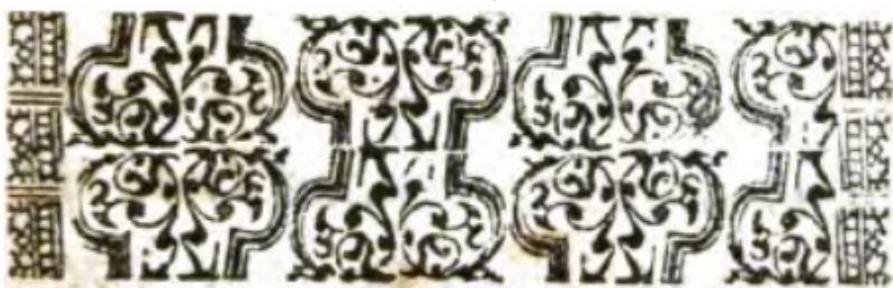
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TO THE READER.

TH E following
Pieces, which
are here offer'd
to the Publick,
are the Remains of that
great and celebrated Genius
Mr. BUTLER; Author of Hud-

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Posthumous Works of Mr. BUTLER.

*A Burlesque Pindarick Ode,
to the Memory of the most
Renown'd Claud. DuVal,
the Highwayman.*

I.

THIS true, to complement the Dead,
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call 'em back again.
Or like the Tartars, give 'em Wives,
With Settlements for After-lives.
For all that can be done or said,

B

Tho'

2 A PINDARICK ODE.

Tho' ne'er so noble, great and good;
By them is neither heard nor understood.

All our fine Slights and Tricks of Art,
~~First to cheate and then adorn~~ Desert;

And those Romances which we frame,

To raise ourselves, not them a Name;

In vain are stuff with ranting Flatteries,

And such, as if they knew, they would

(despise);

For as those Times, the Golden Age
(they call,

In which there was no Gold ~~at~~ all;

So we plant Glory and Renown,

Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,

But to worse purpose, many times,

To varnish o'er nefarious Crimes,

And cheat the World that never seems
(to mind

How good or bad Men die, but what

(they leave behind).

IL

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose Name
Can never be worn out by Fame,

That

That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
A great Example to Mankind :

That fell a publick Sacrifice,
From Ruin to prevent those few,
Who, tho' born false, may be made true ;
And teach the World to be more just
(and wise,

Ought not, like vulgar Ashes rest,
Unmention'd in the silent Chest,
Not for for his own, but publick Interest.
He like a pious Man, some Years before

Th' Arrival of his fatal Hour,
Made ev'ry Day he had to live,
To his last Minute, a Preparative ;
Taught the wild *Arabs* on the Road
To act in a more genteel Mode,
Take Prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *Filous* ;
And how to hang in a more graceful
(Fashion,

Than e'er was known before to the dull
(English Nation.)

III.

In France, the Staple of new Modes,
 Where Garbs & Courts are current Goods
 That serves the rude Northern Nations
 With Methods of Address and Treat,
 Prescribes new Garnitures and Fashions,
 And how to drink, and how to eat
 No out-of-fashion Wine or Meat.
 To understand Crevats and Plumes,
 And the most modish from the old Per-
(fumes;
 To know the Age and Pedigrees,
 Of Points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,
 Cast their Nativity, and to a Day
 Foretel how long they'll hold, and when
(decay.
 To affect the purest Negligences,
 In Gestures, Gaits and Meins,
 And speak by Repartee Routines,
 Out of the most authentic of Romances;
 And to demonstrate with substantial
(Reason,
 What Ribbands all the Year are in or
(out of season.

To

IV.

To this great Academy of Mankind,
He ow'd his Birth and Education,
Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,
They understand by Imitation ;
Are taught, improv'd before they are
(aware,
As if they'd suck'd their Breeding from
(the Air,
That naturally does dispence
To all, a deep and solid Confidence,
A Virtue of that precious Use,
That he whom bount'ous Heav'n endues
But with a moderate shew of it,
Can want no Worth, Abilities, nor Wit.
In all thy deep Hermetick Arts,
(For so of late the Learned call
All Tricks, if strange and mystical)
He had improv'd his natural Parts,
And with his magick Rod could sound
Where hidden Treasures may be found.

6 A PINDARICK ODE

He, like a Lord o'th'Mannor, feiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his Way,
As lawful Waif and Stray,
And after, by the Custom, kept it as his
(own.

V.

From these first Rudiments he grew
To nobler Feats, and try'd his Force
Upon whole Troops of Foot and Horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue :
Declar'd all Caravans, that go
Upon the King's Highway, his Foe,
Made many desperate Attacks,
Upon itinerant Brigades,
Of all Professions, Ranks and Trades ;
On Carriers Loads and Pedlars Pack,
Made them lay down their Arms and
(yield,
And, to the smallest Piece, restore,
All that by cheating they had got before,
And after plunder'd all the Baggage of
(the Field ;
In

A PINDARICK ODE.

7

•VI

Whole Provinces, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
Have by his conqu'ring Sword been won;
And mighty Sums of Money laid,
For Ransom, upon ey'ry Man,
And Hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid,
Th' Excise, and Chimney-Publican,
The Jew, Forstaller and Injurer,
To him for all their Crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
Of all his Foes, the Constable,
That oft had beat his Quarters up,
And rouz'd him, and all his Troop.

He took the dreadful Lawyer's Fees,
 That in his own allow'd Highway,
 Does Feats of Arms as great as his,
 And when th' encounter in it wins the Day
 Safe in his Garison; the Court,
 Where meaner Criminals are sentenc'd
 (for't,

To the stern Foe he oft gave Quarter.
 But as the Scotchman did to Tartar,
 That he in Time to come,
 Might, in return from him, receive his
 (Doom,

VII.

He wou'd have starv'd this mighty Town
 And brought its haughty Spirit down;
 Have cut it off from all Relief;
 And like a wife and valiant Chief,
 Made many a fierce Assault
 Upon all Ammunition-Carts,
 And those that bring up Cheese and Malt,
 Or Bacon from remoter Parts.

No Convoy e'er so strong, with Food,
 Durst venture on the desperate Road ;
 He made th'undaunted Waggoner obey,
 And the fierce Higler Contribution pay ;
 The savage Butcher and stout Drover
 Durst not to him their feeble Troops
 (discover ;

And if he had but kept the Field,
 In time he'd made the City yield ;
 For great Towns like the Crocodiles,
 (are found
 I'th' Belly aptest to receive a mortal
 (Wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal Hour arriv'd,
 In which his Stars began to frown,
 And had in close Cabal contriv'd
 To pull him from his height of Glory
 (down;

When he by num'rous Foes oppres'd,
Was in the enchanted Dungeon cast,
 Secur'd

LO A PINDARICK ODE.

Secur'd with mighty Guards,

Left he by Force or Stratagem;

Might prove too cunning for their

(Chains and them,

And break tho' all their Locks, and

(Bolts and Wards,

He'd both his Legs by *Charms* committed.

To one another's Charge,

That neither might be set at large,

And all their Fury & Revenge outwitted.

As Jewels of high Value are

Kept under Locks with greater Charge.

Than those of meauer Rates;

So he was in Stone-Walls, and pond'rous

(Chains, and Iron Grates.

IX.

Thither came Ladies from all Parts,

To offer up close Pris'ners Hearts,

Which he receiv'd as Tribute due,

And make 'em yield up Love and Ho-

(nour too,

But

A PINDARICK ODE.

LI

But in more brave Heroicks
Than e'er was practis'd yet in Plays ;
For those two spireful Foes who never
(meet

But full of hot Contest and Piques,
About Punctilio's and meer Tricks,
Did all their Quarrels to his Doom sub-
(mit,

And far more generous and free,
With only looking on him did agree,
Both fully satisfyd , the one
With the fresh Laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned Feats

He had perform'd in Arms ,
The other with his Person and his
(Charms ;

For just as Larks are catch'd in Nets ,
By gazing on a Piece of Glass ,
So while the Ladies view his brighter
(Eyes ,

And smoother polish'd Face ,
Their gentle Hearts, alas ! were taken
(by Surprize .

Cards

X

X.

Never did bold Knight Errant to re-
(lieve
Distressed Dames, such dreadful Feats
(achieve,

As feeble Damsels for his sake

Would have been proud to undertake;

And bravely ambitious to redeem

The World's Loss and their own,

Strove who should have the Honour to
(lay down,

And change a Life with him :

But finding all their Hopes in vain,

To move his fix'd determin'd Fate.

They Life it self began to hate,

And all the World beside disdain :

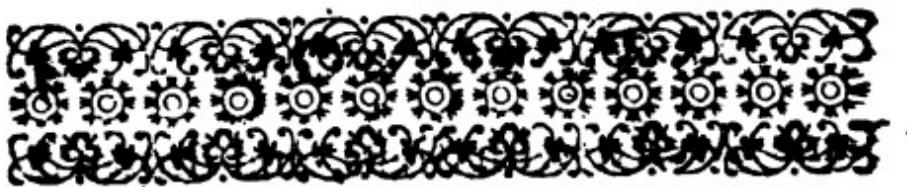
Made loud Appeals and Moans

To less hard-hearted Grates and Stones,

Came swell'd with Sighs, and drown'd
(in Tears,
To yield themselves his Fellow-Suf-
(ferers,
And follow'd him like Prisoners of
(War,
Chain'd to the lofty Wheels of his tri-
(umphant Car.



THE



THE COURT Burlesqu'd.

Written in the Year 1678.
By *SAMUEL BUTLER*, Author
of *HUDIBRASS*

I Sing a merry Monarch's Name,
Whose Co—eece no Advise—ame;
Nor can the Pow'r of Both the Houses
Keep it from gaping at their Spouses.
No Wonder, since all Living Creatures
Will still pursue their diff'rent Natures.
Why therefore should not Kings be kind
To Punks and Jilts, if so inclin'd?
Since no Man cares to be debarr'd
Of that for which he's most regard:

But

But still will gratify that Lust
To which he has the greatest Gust.
The Sportsman hunts away his Life,
And for his Dogs forsakes his Wife :
The Sot in Bumpers drowns his Time,
And thinks Sobriety a Crime :
The Gamester Curses, Prays, and Plays,
And fretting, fools away his Days :
The Leacher sweats away his Nights,
In drudging hard at Love Delights :
Therefore since Subjects have their
(Follies,
And all Men in their turns are Cullies,
Why may not Kings, as well as Nobles,
To craving Jills be gen'rous Bubbles,
Since few Men can refrain that Vice
Of which their Natures have a Spice ?
How should the Head that rules the
(Throne,
Govern the Tail when Rampant grown,
Or make that loose Proud-Flesh obey,
That has so long had Sov'reign Sway ?

Two Scepters, to the Nation's cost,
His strong-back'd Majesty can boast;
By dint of one he does maintain
His Regal Power over Men;
The other steers his loose Affection,
And keeps the Ladies in Subjection;
Nor does the Monarch scorn to own
Tho' Picked-Beard cries, Shame upon i
Why should he, since the Wise we know
Have two Strings always to their Bow
That if one falters, when it's try'd,
The other may be well apply'd.
So R----, when he craves Supplies,
And his Request the House denies,
With City-Heifers then he plows,
Plants Royal Crest on Factious Brows
With swarthy Brats adorns their House
And borrows of their wealthy 'Spouse'
Well knowing Cuckold-makers find
The loving Cuckold always kind.

Thus, at a pinch, his Point he gains,
By dint of Back as well as Brains;
And when he thus exerts his Forces,
To dive into the City's Purse,
He proves lib'ral of his Nature,
The Wives, to recompence the Matter,
Lead hard to make th' Sum the greater
So Bullies who support their Lives.
By kindly kissing Buxom Wives,
Like Trasbers drudge t' advance their
(Gains
In due Proportion to their Pains.

Old Harry's C-piece in the Tower,
hat once contain'd such fleshly Power
Is, Jade now a Cusheon, for the Fair,
To stick in Pins and Needles there,
That by that Means they may express
their Rev'rence to the ampty Case,
nd not forget that Pious Prince,
Whose Tarrywags it held long since.

What

Thus.

What tho' that Codpiece's dimension,
Shows something was of large extention
Besides, it brought into this Nation,
So Great a thing as Reformation;
And therefore, to our Lady's Eyes,
Can be of no disdainful Size:
Yet if to thine, O C---s! compar'd,
Tis but a Bauble, by the L---d;
Bottom, tho' shorten'd by thy Nelly!
A C-piece that would pinch thy Belly!
A Case that wou'd not half inclose
Thy Scepter, all the Kingdom knows:
No! Harry's C-piece must knock under
Thine, meritis fifty times the wonder,
And has ejected twice the Force,
That e'er leap'd out of Trojan Horse;
For tho' thou hadst but one good Wife
To recreate thee in thy Life,
And he had six, yet thou hadst more
Of other Mens, by twice a Score;
Besides more Harlots, to thy Cost,
Than Solomon could ever boast;

And

And more Fitz Roys of thy begetting,
Than Hall had Peers of his creating.

Go on, brave C—s, and if thy Back,
As well as Lust, but holds thee tack,
Most of thy Court, in time, much rather
Than call thee King, will call thee Father;
For such a Crowd of sp—s D—s,
With empty Heads and tawny Looks,
Will plague thy throne, that all thy Places
Must be ingross'd by graceless Graces;
Thy Court be fill'd with B—st—d Brothers,
Begot ou mercenary Mothers,
Most kindly taken for their Charms,
From Cellars into Monarch's Arms..

*So Vapours that from Ditches rise,
Change to be Meteors in the Skies.*

The witty'st of the wanton Crew,
That do by turns thy Lust subdue,
Was snatch'd from Theater, G-d wot,
And rais'd to be the Lord knows what?
Tho

5, *The COURT burlesqu'd.*

Tho' broach'd at fourteen Years of Age
By the Sham-Monarch of the Stage,
That skill'd in Love, the pretty Thing
Might better please a Real King :
For Nelly knows she owes the Art
Of W—g, not to C—— but Hart ;
He taught her first to manage right
The Female Scabbard of Delight :
Which made the Monarch love his Nell
Because she did the Trick so well.
So airy Filts, train'd up for Cullies,
'Are tapp'd in Stews by Pimps and Bullies,
And then preferr'd to wealthy Beds,
For charming highpriz'd Maidenheads.

Another Lass of Beauteous Feature,
Bred up, like N—ll, in the Theatre,
Who long had rowl'd her Eyes about,
To pick some Keeping Cully out ;
Ogl'd the Boxes and the Pit,
Where Noble Lords and Bubbles sit,

Till

Till she'd at last the luck to Charm
A King who ne'er meant Woman harm,
But lov'd the pleasing Spot from whence
He came, because he came from thence;
However, as some People tell us,
Nelly of *Molly* growing jealous,
Prepar'd a Dose of purging Jallop,
And gave it to her Sister Trallup,
That very Night the Royal C---ly
Design'd to exercise his Folly,
With his new Mistress, to the Grief
Of *Nelly*, who was Miss in Chief.
No sooner had the Princely Lover,
Inflam'd with furious Lust all over,
Bedded his new Theatrick Dame,
To satiate his salacious Flame,
But giving *Moll* an am'rous Tumble,
The Harlots Guts began to grumble,
And in the height of all their Sport,
Let fly a very nauseous Flirt.

A Fizzle of a fouler Nature (rep.,
Than Small-beer Grounds or Kennel War—
Which therefore highly did disgust
The Monarch's Sceptre of his Lust,
And of a sudden gave him reason,
To stop his Nose against the Treason,
Which in his Nostrils stunk as hot
As if 't had bee a Powder-Plot:
Nor did the Mischief only readh
The neighb'ring folds of Madam's B—h
But in the sweet Enjoyment flew
All o'er his Royal Dowsers too,
That he was forc'd to fly the Bed,
Much frighted and as much bewray'd,
Leaving poor Miss, that smelt so strong,
To lie and batt'n in her Dung,
The K—, altho' he honour'd S—h,
As much as any Mortal living,
And lov'd the condescending Part
Of Lady Fair with all his Heart,
Yet tho' before he was so smitten,
When once he found himself b—n,

He loath'd the Bird, or rather Beast,
That so befoul'd her charming Nest,
And spoil'd that kind refreshing Smell
Which ~~R~~ always lov'd so well,
That her past Service he rewarded,
And from that time the Peacock discarded.
Thus she who by her S—gn Land
Was for her Beauty once adm'r'd,
In one sad Hour lost Royal Favour,
By dropping what had too much favour,
So those who by good Turns have won us,
And signal Friendships oft have done us,
Yet if they disoblige at last,
We bury all their Kindness past.
Nay, Kings themselves, that are so
vain
and gen'rous when they're pleas'd,
what then?
If vex'd they're just like other Men.

A third more beauteous than the rest,
That prov'd a Snake in Royal Breast,

Was rais'd for hum'ring his Debauches,
 From a lewd C---s to a D---s;
 But being troubl'd, as some say,
 With such an Itch that none could lay,
 She could not be content alone
 To bind her Honour to the Throne,
 But loving well the am'rous Sport,
 Turn'd Prostitute to half the Court:
 Nor would her G---ce confine her Favours
 To their weak surfeited Endeavours,
 But search'd both Play-houses and Fairs,
 For Dancers of the Ropes and Players,
 Such that would drudge as hard to earn
 The Pence, as Thrashers in a Barn,
 Exert their Strength and strain their Si-
 " (news
 For a green Purse half fill'd with Guineas
 This made the Court as mad as Devils.
 To find they had such scoundrel Rivals,
 That they, to be reveng'd upon her,
 Whisper'd to R---y the Dishonour

Done

Done him by such a Jilting H—sy,
Who'd so abus'd her T—zy-m—zy.

This made the King at once resign her,
Altho' he he never had a finer.

So the close Harlot that detects

Her Neighbour joyning Sex with Sex,
Will cry out Whore upon the Dame,
Expose her Faults to publick Shame,
Tho' she herself has done the same.

The M—rch, tho' in Pocket low,
Being proud, at his Expence, to know
What difference Nature had begot,
Betwixt a French and English T—t,
Takes a gay Tit from France to mount,
The Cast-off of a Park Count,
With Apple-Face and slender Waste,
All over Jilt, yet looking Chaste;
With her the M—ch next agreed,
To pleasure his adul'trous Bed,
That he might know the worth & nature
Of French Commodities the better.

This Madam with her nimble Scut,
 Now tosses M—y about,
 And from the Pockets of his Britches,
 Shakes out her R—y C—y's Riches,
 Thus like a true experienc'd W—,
 Ev'n keeps her very Keeper poor.
 Nor has he yet the sence to see
 How much his Generosity
 Dishonours his M---ck Station,
 And makes him slighted by the Nation,
 Whilst she, her Country to advance,
 Sends golden Pies from hence to *France*,
 And strips the M---ch of our Isle,
 T'enrich her own dear native Soil :
 Is but a treach'rous Spy upon him,
 To hug him till she's quite undone him,
 Does all his grand Affairs discover,
 To cunning *L—s* at the *Louvre*.
 O C—s ! how happy had we been,
 Hadst thou but had a fruitful Queen,
 Or else been Gelt before Fifteen.

Besides these mercenary Crew,
Who drain his Purſe and --- too,
And with their B---d Broods deſerve him
Of all the Wealth the People give him.
Yet ſuch a Crowd of Ladies ply
Around his Throne, who, by the by,
Are proud to eaſe his L—ry
That scarce a D—ſs of Renown,
Or wanton C—ſs in the Town,
But wait the motion of his L—ſt,
In hopes to have one R—l T—ſt,
Each ſtriving when his Love grows
(ſeruent)
To be his very humble Servant;
Well knowing that the only means
To win the Favour of their P—ce,
Is to ſurrender when he's ready,
The Seat of Honour in a Lady;
Then let 'em ask what 'tis they want,
And T—ſt will gain what Merit can't.
Thus he that needs a Boon at Court,
And has but ſmall Pretentions for't,

Let him but send his Wife, if pritty,
 Or Daughter that's but young and witty,
 As long as C—s the S—d reigns,
 He need not fear to gain his Ends ;
 For he, good Prince, could ne'er deny
 The Petticoat, good reason why,
 Because as he himself does own,
 "He loves a Lady 'bove a Crown."

These Lady Punks, that like the Sport,
 Are th' only shining Lamps at Court,
 Who, by the use of Copulation,
 Bring Wh—ing daily into fashion,
 That none approach the R—l Presence,
 But with such am'rous acquiescence,
 That he who asks another's Bride
 To lay her Modesty aside,
 Need never fear to be deny'd.
 For since the greatest Courtiers use it,
 'Tis thought ill Breeding to refuse it.

They

They take Example by the T—e,
And make their M—'s Vice their own;
The Ciry borrow't from the Court,
And hand it to the common Sort;
Till thus, by Ape-like Imitation,
Love spreads his Wings o'er all the Na-
tion,
Where nothing thrives, we plainly see,
But P—ry, P—x, and V—ry,
Till *London* is as famous grown,
For W—m, (G-d preserve the T—)
As *Sodom* was for their provoking
G-d's Vengeance, by their backward po-
king,

Besides these Ladies of the Sport,
Whose Lust inflames the B—y Court,
And makes a Brothrel of a Palace,
Where Harlots ply, as many tells us,
Like Brimstones in a Whetstone Ale-
house,
There are a Crowd of fawning P—s,
Which R—y calls his Ministers,

Who manage with such Craft and Care,
They fit their M---h to a Hair;
Assist him in his costly S---,
But make him pay for their contriving;
Project such cunning Ways and Shifts,
To help him out at all dead Lifts;
That when they have supply'd his
(Wants,
Themselves may beg the larger Grants:
Thus by ill Means th' enrich his Tre-
(sure,
Then pick his Pocket at their leisure.
So those who sponge upon a Friend,
Who is too free to spend and lend,
When at a pinch (if not bereft
Of all, but still has something left)
They'll raise him Money on his Credit,
That they may share it as they need it.

The chief of these was crafty C---y,
Who first advis'd the King to marry

To *K-e* of *Lisbone*, who had got
No Catch to her unfruitful Spot,
In hopes his pretty blooming D---
May come to be a ---- herea'ter :
Or that her Issue may at least,
Be of the --- in time posseſt.

This cunning Machiavelian Cuff,
Tho' he himself is wise enough,
Yet he advises honest *R--y*,
To many a strange unk---like Folly,
Indulges him in loose Amours,
And raises Money for his W---,
Rather than he shou'd send back *Kate*,
And marry with a fruitful Mate,
Whose Race his B---d may disappoint,
And put their Noses out of Joint.

So Junior Brothers love to see
Their Seniors without Progeny,
Because they hope that they or theirs
May prove their Elder Brother's Heirs.

But C---y, who hath long ingrost
His Prince, and e'ry gainful Post,
That Merit without his Consent,
Can never rise in Government,
At last is glad to quit his Hold,
For what he'as said, and what he'as sold.
Is forc'd in spite of---his Son,
To take his Farewel of the Throne,
And from the Land to fly by stealth,
Into a much worse Commonwealth.
Leaving the noble House he built,
As a proud Witnes of his Guilt,
Whose costly Walls were rais'd, 'tis said,
By *French* Pistoles for *Dunkirk* paid ;
And since it breaks old C---'s Heart,
To think that C---s and he shoud part,
The fam'd Escureal is decreed,
(In hopes to please the Factious Breed)
To fall e'relong a Sacrifice,
That from its Ruins there may arise,

Whole Streets of famous—houses,
Where Buxom Jades, for want of Spouses
Shall shew each Rake what pritty Sport
The Lords and Ladies use at Court,
And what a way Nel G---n has got,
To humour R---y with her T---t.

Just so Lords Palaces of old,
When into Builders Clutches sold,
Were often doom'd beneath the Curse
Of being Inns for Law or Horses.

Another cunning Fox of State,
Advanc'd from Little to be Great,,
Has, by Court Wheedles, climb to be
The greatest in the Treasury.
Nor truly does he want the sense,
To manage well the Nation's Pence,
Because, in spite of all their Care,
He'll have, at least, a Fav'rites Share.
And is more Charge to England's Th-e,
Than any She that hangs thereon.

Nor does he, like his Master's Dutches,
 Receive his Pay from others Clutches,
 But judges of his own Deserts,
 And, to reward his able Parts,
 In his high Station, is so wise
 To serve himself, and thus he cries,
Here's so much for Your Majesty,
But, Tom, here's twice as much for thee;
And all that you and I can spare,
We'll frankly pay away elsewhere.

This by a Rat behind the Curtain,
 Has been o'er-heard, some say, for certain,
 And is reported still to be
 The Fox's old Soliloquy.

So Stewards who have easy Lords,
By Coz'nage pile up wealthy Hoards;
And as their Masters grow more poor,
The crafty Knaves encrease their Store,
And at high Int'rest often lend 'em
Their own, pretending to befriend 'em,
And make 'em think to hide their Knav'ty
'Tis borrowed with much Pains and Slavery.

A third, who by the King's good Grace,
Is big in Wealth, and high in Place,
A trusty Friend, whose silver Tongue
Determines well'twixt Right and Wrong,
And to his own Immortal Glory,
Has all the Arts of Oratory;
Can argue, when he pleases, wisely,
And cut a Wheedle too as nicely;
Delude the House with such fine fetches,
And coax the Commons with such
(Speeches,

That none were ever better able,
In Senate or at Council-Table,
To do good Service to his Prince,
In any case of Exigence;
Yet he, as cuning as the rest,
Knows how to feather his own Nest:
For 'tis with him, like Priest in Cloister,
No Money, C---s, no *PaterNoster*.
Nor would the prudent Sage embrace
The favour of so high a Place,

Without Four thousand Pounds *per Ann.*
In Case upon some State *Arcanum,*
He should be turn'd from Council-
(Table,

And from his Post, as one not able
To please our mighty Lords the Rabble.
A Bargain wise, we must allow,
In Times precarious, as they're now ;
For who would trust such Kings as those
Who starve their Friends to feast their
(Foes ;

And kiss away that Wealth that's meant
To serve the Ends of Government,
And to reward those faithful few,
That are both wise as well as true.
Who would, I say, with Life and Fortune
Serve such a Prince behind the Curtain,
Who oft, to please the Rabble Rout,
Must turn his best Advisers out,
And to his hazard, in their steads
Be forc'd to lean on rotten Reeds,

With

Without they were at first secure,
Of something, if disrob'd of Power,
And from the Court with shame remov'd
Because by Faction disapprov'd. ?
'Tis therefore, mighty C—s, we fear,
Thou'rt forc'd to buy thy Friends so dear,
Because they're certain, if they shou'd
Once trust to thy old Gratitude,
When they thy turn have truly serv'd,
That then they may be hang'd or starv'd.
For the same Reason wanton Sluts,
That earn their Livings by their Scuts,
Are all importunate to count
Their Money e'er their Riders mount :
Nor couldst thyself, O C—s, e'er vent
Thy L— before a Settlement ;
Which shews, altho' our S—gn L—d,
Thy very W— wont take thy Word.
*So he that for his own bye Ends
Imploys, and then deceives his Friends,
If e'er he wants their fresh Endeavours,
Must purchase thro' the Nose their Favours.*

Next

Next these a Duke of mighty Fame,
So known I need not tell his Name ;
His own Extravagance and Folly
Shews now his boasted Wit but dully.
Once he was highly in esteem,
And glitter'd next the Diadem,
Had all Preferments in his Power,
And did above his Rivals tour,
Was thought to have a subtil Pate,
Turn'd rightly for Intrigues of State,
And was suppos'd exactly wise
In all Monarchick Mysteries ;
Besides th' Inspection he had made
In e'ry Art and e'ry Trade,
That his deep Judgment might out-
(pierce all,
And make his Knowledge universal ;
In Poetry he was, alas,
Competitor with *Hudibras* ;
And as for the Dramatick Stage,
He's still the Mirrour of the Age,

And

And has a knack of Ridiculing,
That out does any other fooling.

In Chymick Arts he's such a Dabster,
He'll draw a Philter from a Lobster,
That if 'tis given to a Lady,
Who has before refus'd to Bed ye,
In one short Minute's Time 'twill make
As Lewd as any Kennel-Raker ; (her
Besides, 'twill so restore a Crazy
Old Leacher, that's Decay'd and Lazy,
And give his Rudder of Affection,
So brisk a Juvenile Erection,
That the poor Thing shall be as live,
As e'er it was at Twenty-five.

Probatum est, for by Experience,
Himself and all his Lewd Adherents,
Know that the Secret, without harm,
With all these wondrous Things perform:
Therefore whoever loves the Placker,
May, if they please, with Safety take it.

Musick he understands, as well
As any Ringer does a Bell ;
Can judge of Trebles and their Bases,
Of Hoitboys, Fiddles, and their Cases,
As well as any Minstrel Brother,
That plays on either one or other :
Nay, he himself has oft been seen,
And heard, to touch the Violin,
So finely twould have charm'd a Lady,
Or any Milk-Maid, on a *May-Day*.

The Philosophick Stone, His Grace
Has study'd many Nights and Days ;
And, by the strength of Fire and Bellows,
Had found it once, some People tell us,
But that, for want of Skill or Care,
The Wonder vanish'd into Air :
Some say it was of burning Gold,
And therefore prov'd too hot to hold,
That droping from his Hand it broke,
And b'ing too brittle for the Smoke,
It flew away in Fire and Smoke.

Of

Or else he would have bless'd the
(Nation,

With the strange Art of Transmutation;
Taught us to've metamorphos'd Mettles,
And into Gold turn'd Brazen Kettles,
Which would have sure surpriz'd us more
Than Bacon's Head had done before.

But this great Project, like the rest,
(Tho' Pity 'twas) became a Jest,
And all the Secrets that the Bubble
Found out, to recompense his Trouble,
Instead of turning Lead or Brass,
To Gold, that would for Standard pass,
Was to change Mettles to his Loss,
And bring his Gold to worthless Dross;
The only costly gen'rous Art,
At which himself is most expert.

So freakish melancholy Wretches,
When poor, will dig in Fields and Ditches,
Big with Conceit, that under Ground
Some hidden Treasure may be found,

Till

Till weary of their Pains, and then
Sit down with Loss, instead of Gain,
And scratch to think they've dug in vain.

His Wisdom too the World may see,
I'th' Government of's Family ;
Who, for Good Orders and Decorum,
Surely admit of none before' em.
Wages his Servants ne'er regard,
It is enough to serve My Lord ;
They never ask His Grace a Penny,
Nor does he care to pay'em any ;
Their Sal'ries never drain his Coffers,
They seldom Pray, he seldom Proffers :
So that they're both so open-hearted,
'Tis Pity they should e'er be parted ;
Yet all that live beneath his Wing,
Grow rich, as if they serv'd a King :
Whilst his wise Grace, by wondrous ways
Grows poor, altho' he never pays ;

A Paradox well worth our notice,
Tho' true *in Verbum Sacerdotis* :
But, after all, what Riddle's in it,
May be expounded in a Minute; (him;
For would he pay they'd scorn to cheat
But since he don't, they all outwit him;
Or he'd not have such need to wait on
That City-Fox, Sir *Robert Clayton*.
But he whose wants Assistance crave,
Must be a Fool to some Rich Knave.

Besides these many wondrous things,
For which his Fame thro' England rings;
His Comely Person and his Parts,
Commands all Am'rous Ladies Hearts;
Nor does he fear to hazard Life,
To kill the Cuckold, for his Wife;
For he's as true a Son of Mars,
As ever yer drew Sword or—
Nor can old R— for his Pleasure,
Keep one fine Tit, to mount at leisure,

44 *The COUR T burlesqu'd*
But he will find some way or other,
To be his Sov'reign's Sterling Brother,
And to command the very Thing,
Belov'd so dearly of the K—g :
That not the sacred Lips or Belly,
Of C—d down to Little Nelly,
Can keep his merry Grace from stealing,
By hook or crook, a fellow-feeling ;
For, still regardless of the T—,{
He often gives a Butter'd-Bun,
To the kind C—l that sits thereon ;
And does by these Intrigues, discover
The Secrets of the R—l Lover,
And makes the treach'rous Jilts disclose
Whate'er had pass'd beneath the Rose.
So the Gay Spark that can invade
His hen-peck'd Neighbour's nuptial Bed,
As oft as at the Game he plays,
Knows all the Husband does or says :
By which, and by the Wife's Direction,
He keeps the Cukold in subjection.

This Practice made old R— puff,
 And turn his Grace in dudgeon off :
 Who, much disgusted, now sets up
 To be the Faction's only Prop ;
 Hoping, as most believe, in vain,
 To please the Blockheads and regain,
 By rich rebellious City Slaves,
 What he has lost by Fools and Knaves.
 In this Condition shall we leave him,
 That they fair words at first may give
 At last the better to deceive him.
 For he that does good Friends despise,
 And hopes by worthless Rogues to rise,
 Is like a crippl'd old Debauch
 Who flings away a trusty Crutch,
 To lean upon a feeble Reed,
 Too weak to serve him in his need.

Another Duke, the sp— Son
 Of him that tamely rules the T—,
 The only Darling of the Court,
 From Prince to Punk of e'ry sort ;

The

The factious Bubble and the Tool
Of those that would usurp the Rule ;
The Dancing, Fencing, Riding Bauble,
That Bows and Cringes to the Rabble ;
The brainless, fawning, pritty Thing,
That hopes e'relong to be a King ;
Enters the List among the Rest,
With his Star shining at his Breast,
And none but crafty Knaves about him,
Who, tho' they court him, yet they flout
Gay as a Peacock at a Ball, (him,
Tres humble Serviteur to all ;
A busy Fop among the Ladies,
To shew'em what an am'rous Blade he's.
Forward to fight, in Battle warm,
Altho', poor Thing, he means no harm,
Except it is to his own Father,
Or to his Popish U—le rather ;
Ready in all things to oppose
His Country's Friends, instead of Foes,
The only Idol of the Town,
That struts and rattles up and down,
That

That all the factious Fools, who hope it
Will one day reign, may view the Puppet
That they may fill his empty Grace
With noisy Shouts and loud Huzzas,
And make him use his worst Endeavours.
To abuse his King, the best of Fathers,
In hopes he may, by Usurpation,
In time reign Tyrant o'er the Nation;
But, O remember Z----y Sc---t,
Thy Arms have such a Bastard Blot,
That many think thou may'st as soon
Expect a Scaffold as a Crown;
For he that is so vainly proud
O'th' Flatt'ries of a Factious Crow'd,
Of Ruin very seldom fails,
When Fortune turns the ticklish Scales.
Then shake off the rebellious Crew,
Or else prepare to have thy Due;
For tho' thou hast been twice forgiven,
Thou still retain'st the ancient Leven:
But Jemmy Frag. beware the Stork,
Thy Father has a Brother York.

Another Factious grave Belweather,
Whose Tongue's the Devil's B—Leather,
The Plague and Teazer of the Court,
Whose chief Delight's in doing hurt,
The Head of all the factious Clan,
By whom our Feuds were first began ;
The City's God, the Rabbles Leader,
A Lord, a Rebel, and a Trader,
Who keeps his Changes and Cabals
At publick Halls and Festivals ;
An old rebellious, canting Wizard,
Who loves the Rump with all his Gizard,
Hell's Journy-man, our Plot Projector,
The Rebels Patriot and Protector,
So loose no Royal Smiles can win him,
So base, the very Devil's in him ;
The Sower of seditious Seeds,
The Planter of rebellious Weeds,
The Quintessence of all that's naught,
And yet too cunning to be caught ;
The subtle Baffler of the Laws,
The Bulwark of the Good-Old-Cause,

The

The fatal Firebrand of the Nation,
The Spring of all Abomination,
The *Cacafugo* of the Age,
The *Samford* of the Publick Stage,
The broacher of destructive Schism,
The very Tap of Devilism,
Thro' which all sorts of Treasons flow,
That with his Dropsick Humours grow,
Yet once was great in the esteem
Of him that wears the Diadem ;
But still when high in Pow'r and Place ,
The Statesman did the Judge disgrace }
And shew his Nature to be base.

Thus Factious Foes, whom Kings en-
(deavour
So oft to win by Royal Favour,
Tho' Honours make them less severe,
Yet still the Rebel will appear.

To ballance this Contentious Mortal,
Of foul Distempers full, tho' Hearthole,

A Scot whose Noddle may as big be,
As that fam'd Knight's Sr Kelum Digby
And has as muchle Cunning in it,
As any Lad that wears a Bonnet,
Is held in favour of the Crown,
To bear the rising Faction down ;
Tho' many more, we must agree,
Are in the Scale as well as he ;
But in the subtle Arts of State
He truly bears the greatest weight,
And is the fittest Man of Action,
To frustrate the Intrigues of Faction,
Altho' his blubber Face is such
A Phiz that does not promise much,
Yet he has cunning to unrivel
The very Mysteries of the Devil,
And knows as well to countermine
A Plot, or trayterous Design,
As if he had below been bred,
Where hellish Treasons first are laid ;

'Twas he that did advise his Liege,
To send his Son to Boswel-Bridge,
That by destroying his own Friends,
His Uncle Y---k might gain his Ends,
And in his Progress win that Favour
His Nephew lost by's rash Behaviour.

'Tis he that chiefly undermines
And blows up all the Whigs Designs,
And by one Stratagem or other,
Secures old R----- and his Brother;
In ev'ry Exigence does shew,
He's no true Scot, but Scot that's true;
Just to the Int'rest of the Throne,
United wisely with his own,
As faithful to his Popish Friend,
Whose safety is the chiefest End
To which his secret Counsels tend.

O Scotland! had thy Sons been all
Like him, you'd stop'd th' unhappy fall
Of Charles, whose Blood will ever be
A witness of thy Treachery.

Among the rest there is a Peer,
Whose pointed Wit the Courtiers fear ;
For tho' himself more often lies -
Than those he loves to scandalize,
Yet for her Theme his wanton Muse
Does always spiteful Satyr chuse.

(*So among Lady Punks, the worst
Will always cry out Whore the first.*)

No kind Amour can pass at Court,
Or Love Intrigue of any sort,
But still his Muse must tell what sporting
Has been of late behind the Curtain,
As if she stood a Pimp to all
That cool'd their Leach'ry at *Whitehal*.
Nor can old R----- lay aside
Affairs of State and Kingly Pride,
To drink a merry Glass, to drown
The Cares that wait upon a Crown ;
Or can he steal one happy Night,
To pass away in Love's Delight,

With Madam N---y, or his Dutches,
To come the sooner to his Crutches,
By tiring Age with his Debauches,
But presently some witty Flirt
Must sing aloud the M----- Sport.
That all the factious Town must know
The Secret, where, with whom, and how;
As if his Lordship had a Patent
To publish all that should be latent;
And that no other Bard was free
To deal in Bawdy Wit, but he:
Yet, tho' his Poems are so lushcous,
That all the Modest think 'em naifseous,
They steal, with godly Books of Pray'r,
Into the Closets of the Fair,
And oft are made unseemly Neighbours
To Rev'rend Baxter's Pious Labours,
And by the Godly Dame selected
From Sermons, not so much respected;
Hug'd by the bye, and valu'd more,
Than all she ever read before.

For Ladies, tho' on Damask Cusheon,
They sham their Maids with their Devotion,
And kneel at Church, on Mat or Hassock,
To honour Holy Gown and Caffock,
Yet, by themselves, they never fail,
To dearly love a Bawdy Tale ;
Or will they want a Friend to show 'em
Each fulsome Book or smutty Poem ;
Especially if well assur'd,
'Tis the blunt Offspring of My Lord,
Who always takes the liberty,
Not to spell *Sunt* with *S*, but *C*.
So those who wear the Holy Robes,
That rail so much at Father Hob,
Because he's as so expos'd of late,
The nakedness of Church and State,
Yet, tho' they do his Books condemn,
They love to buy and read the same.

All have an Itch, from High to Low,
Of knowing what we should not know.
This

This Noble Peer, so fam'd for writing
Satyrs, so bawdy and so biting,
Who for lampooning Church and Crown,
Usurps the Bays from all the Town,
May boast himself, we must allow it,
Lord, Atheist, Mountebank and Poet,
Rake, Coward, Libertine; but yet
A Man of Learning and of Wit;
Who, to provoke the vicious Age,
To an infatiate lustful Rage,
Expends more time, and takes more pains
In his licentious tickling Strains,
With am'rous Fires to lewdly warm us,
Than all the Prelates to reform us:
And, that the World may know the better
From Mettle falls his Standard Meter,
He stamps his own Poetick Coin,
With P, or C, in e'ry Line;
And if those taking Marks you miss,
You may be sure it is not his;

For, when he handles Pen and Ink,
 His lushcous Rhimes would make us
(think,
 They sprang not from Imagination,
 But, in the height of lustful Passion,
 Were got by carnal Copulation.

Such are the Ladies, such the Lords,
 That merry C----s alone regards ;
 So Tame a P---e, so L---d a Court,
 Whose Vices are each others Sport ;
 Cuckolds so cow'rdly and so base,
 Lascivious Wives so void of Grace ;
 Rebels so daring and so bold,
 Cullies so foolish, tho' so old ;
 Knaves so successful and secure,
 Merit so slighted and so poor ;
 A factious undermining Crew,
 So Pious and Rebellious too :
 Such Stars could surely never shine,
 O C----s ! round any T----e but Thine :

Thy

Thy great example prompts each' Spouse
To make a Jest of Marriage-Vows;
Encourages each beauteous Dame
To Sin, without the fear of Shame;
Makes all thy P---s turn Keeping C----s,
To imitate Thy P-----ly Follies.
Go on, Good C----s, that we, in time,
May see Adultery deem'd no Crime,
And Marriage cease thro'out the Nation,
To be a Lawful Obligation.
For who can blame us, if we stray,
Since R----l G-----s leads the way.



A

PROPOSAL

Humbly offered for the Farming

Liberty of Conscience.

Written in the Year 1663. By *Samuel Butler*, Author of *Hudibras*.

SINCE nothing can be dearer unto poor Christians than *Liberty*, or the free exercise of their *Judgments and Consciences*, the pursuit of which Happiness hath kindled that fire in the Bowels of the Three Kingdoms, which all the precious Blood that hath been shed, during the late Troubles, hath not been able totally to extinguish: And since many of Us, whose Names are affixed, were

so profitably instrumental in those late Combustions, as appears all along in our *Sermons* before the Honourable House of Parliament, in the Years 1642, 43, 44, 45, 46, in exciting the good People of this Nation, to seek and maintain their *Christian Liberty*, against all *Prelatical* and *Antichristian Imposition* whatsoever. And considering that the Little Finger of Apostacy from our first Love, would be a greater Burden upon our *Tender Consciences*, than the Loyns of Episcopacy. We being more bound in Honour than *Conscience*, cannot totally desist; neither need any Man fear, or so much as suspect, lest any Inconvenience or Alteration should happen in Religion; by the great diversity of Opinions, Tongues, and Languages, tolerated among us, unless in the great *Babel* of Episcopacy; that may possibly be pulled down and destroyed by this our notable *Confusion*; for, if the Gospel was wonderfully spread abroad by every Mans speaking in his own Language, and the very Enemies thereof astonished, and miraculously wrought into a Belief of it; how it is likely to be now obstructed in the free exercise of our *Spiritual Gifts*, with these

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these our *cloven* and *divided Tongues*. And since many worthy Persons, from whom we might little expect it, but far less deserve it, out of their Goodness and Clemency, are pleased to encline to some *Liberty*, did not some Persons, Aliens and Strangers to the *Commonwealth of Israel*, take up a Reproach against us, as Persons reprobated into an unpossibility of submission to Principles of *Concord, Peace, and Order*, in Church or State, never being able hitherto to come to any Consistency amongst our selves; the Ark of God having for twenty Years together, been exposed to By-ways, Streets, and worse places, for want of an Agreement amongst our own Brethren where to rest it, or how to entertain it. If this be our Case, and could we be sure of so much Favour as *Saul* once desired of *Samuel*, that the Bishops would but honour us before the People, we would in a private Christian way, lay our Hands upon our Hearts, and acknowledge the hand of God, and the Justice thereof, in turning us out of his Vineyard, as wicked and *unprofitable Servants*, and to suffer the Iniquity of our Fleeks to overtake us; crying out with

Reverend Mr. Calamy, *The Ark of God is justly departed from us*; but being not yet thus assured, do hope the People will yet believe these to be only Bears-skins lap'd about us by Episcopal Hands: And therefore, to the end that a *Consistency*, and *Oneness* of Judgment of the whole separating Brethren, and their Moderation, may be known unto all Men, and that the World may know, that there is a Spirit of Rule and Government resting in us;

IT is humbly proposed to the sole Power of granting Licenses and Indulgences for Liberty of Conscience, within the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick, may be vested in the Persons under-named, for the Term of seven Years, under the Farm Rent of an Hundred Thousand Pounds per An. to commence from the twenty-fifth Day of March next, under such Rates and Qualifications as are hereafter specified.

The Names of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*; proposed on Monday March 2. 1662, being the Day of a private Fast, kept by Mr. Calamy, Mr. Baxter, and others, at Mr. Beat's House, near My Lord of Ely's Chappel, in Holbourn.

Mr. Edmund Calamy.

Mr. Tilhain, late of Colchester.

Mr. Philip Nye.

Mr. Feak.

Mr. Stanley of Dorchester.

George Fox, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of James Naylor, deceased.

Dr. Lazarus Seaman.

Mr. Dell, late of Cambridge.

Dr. Owen.

Mr. Bryan, late of Coventry.

Mr. Matthew Mead.

Mr. John Coppin.

Dr. Manton.

Mr. Kiffen.

The Executor of Mr. Venner, lately Executed.

Mr. Thomas Cafe.

Mr. Regnor, late of Lincoln.

Mr. Ralph Vennig.

Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Benn, late of Dorchester.

Mr. George Griffith, late of Charterhouse.

The Executor of Hugh Peters, lately Executed.

Mr. George Newton, late of Taunton.

Mr. Dan. Dyke, late of Hertfordshire.

Mr. William Jenkins.

Mr. Fisher, late of Kent.

Dr. Thomas Goodwin.

Mr. Hammond, late of Newcastle.

Mr. Peter Sterry.

Mr. Bridges, late of Falmouth.

Mr. Joseph Caryll.

Mr. Tonches, late of Lymster.

Mr. Leigh, late of Lombard-street.

Mr. Mayo, late of Kingston.

Mr. Joshua Sprigg.

Mr. Henry Jessey.

Mr. Newcomen of Dedham in Essex.

Dr. Tuckney of Cambridge.

Dr. Cornelius Burges.

Mr. Zachary Crofton.

Mr. Holmes.

Mr. John Coss.

Mr. Thomas Brooks.

That the Persons aforesaid may be constituted *Grand Commissioners*, and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, and may be impowered to set up one publick Office within the City of *London*, and to nominate and elect a convenient number of Registers, Clerks, and other Officers: And for the more certainty of all Certificates to be granted as is hereafter appointed, the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers* may form a Common Seal to be known, and called by the common Name of *The Publick Seal of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*; engraven, *An Asse without Ears, Braying*, with this Motto encircled, *Stat pro ratione Libertas*: And the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or any twenty four of them in the said Office assembled, may, from time to time, compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any Person or Persons, under such Rates and Qualifications, as are hereafter specified.

That the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers*, or any twenty four of them,

them, may constitute and appoint, under the Publick Seal of the Office, Sub-Commissioners, and other Officers, for every County within the said Kingdom, not exceeding the number of twelve, for each County, whereof seven to be *a Quorum*, who may compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any Person or Persons, Select Congregations, Cities, Towns Corporate, Parishes, Hamlets, and Villages, by the Great, or otherwise, within their respective Countries, not exceeding the Rates hereafter mentioned.

Rates to be observed in all Compositions for Liberty of Conscience.

	<i>Per Annum.</i>
A Presbyterian Minister.	5 0 0
A Ruling Elder. . .	4 0 0
A Deacon.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A common Hearer only.	1 0 0
An Independant Pastor.	5 0 0
A Teaching Elder.	4 0 0
A Helper in Government. . .	3 0 0
A Deacon.	3 0 0

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A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A common Hearer only.	1 0 0
A Baptist, admitted to the Administration of all Ordinances.	5 0 0
A Preaching Assistant.	4 0 0
An Elder in Office.	3 0 0
A Deacon.	2 0 0
A Hearer, in Fellowship, Male or Female, to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A common Hearer only.	1 0 0
A Fifth Monarcher, admitted to hold forth.	5 0 0
An Elder, under the same Administration.	3 0 0
A Deacon, under the same Administration.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship, according to the value of his or her Estate, 2 s. per l. per annum.	
A common Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship, according to the value of his or her Estate, 12 d. per l. per annum.	
A Speaking Male Quaker.	4 0 0
A Speaking Female Quaker.	3 0 0
A common Quak. Male or Female.	2 0 0
A Confessor.	6 0 0

A Se-

A Seminary of Mass-Priests at large.	5 0 0
A Private Mass-Priest.	4 0 0
A Rom. Cath. in any other Order.	3 0 0
A Roman Catholick, not in Order, Male or Female.	1 0 0
An Officer under any Administration not mention'd in the Rates aforesaid, being a Native of <i>England</i> , such only excepted as stand conformable to the Church of <i>England</i> .	5 0 0
A common Person under any Administration not mentioned in the Rates aforesaid, being a Native of <i>England</i> , such only excepted as stand conformable to the Church of <i>England</i> .	2 0 0
An Officer, under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of <i>England</i> , except conformable to the Church of <i>England</i> .	10 0 0
A private Person, under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of <i>England</i> , except conformable to the Church of <i>England</i> .	5 0 0
Rates	

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Rates to be observed, in Compounding for Liberty of Conscience, in the Particulars following, viz.

For Liberty to assert the Pope's Supremacy.	10 0 0
For Liberty to Write, Speak, or Preach against the Government, as they shall be inwardly moved.	5 0 0
For Liberty to keep on their Hats before Magistrates, or in Courts of Judicature.	2 0 0
For Liberty to rail publickly against the Bishops and Common Prayer.	1 0 0
For Liberty to refuse all manner of Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, or in Causes Civil or Criminal.	2 0 0
For Liberty to deny Tythes, and other Church-Duties.	1 0 0
For Liberty to expound the Revelations, and the Book of Daniel.	1 0 0
For Liberty to disturb any Congregation after Sermon.	0 10 0
For Liberty to assert the Solemn League and Covenant.	1 5 0
For	

For Liberty, to instruct Youth in
the short Catechism, set forth
by the Assembly of Divines. o. 10 o.

That any Person or Persons, gilded
for any the Particulars abovesaid, may
have Liberty therein, either as an *Iti-
nereate*, in Private or Publick, at the
Rates abovesaid.

That no Person or Persons be admit-
ted to compound for *Liberty of Con-
science*, until he, or they, have first
taken, and subscribed to the solemn
Protestation following, before the said
Grand Commissioners and *Farmers*, or
their Sub-Commissioners respectively.

I A. B. Do here solemnly protest,
That I judge my self still bound by
the solemn League and Covenant,
by the Engagement, by private
Church-Covenant, or by any other
Oath which I have taken ever since
the Year 1641. And that, so far as
with safety to my Person and Estate
I may, I will endeavour the utter
Extirpation of Episcopacy; and,
to the utmost of my Power, will ad-
vise and promote all Schism, fac-
tion

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tion and Discord, both in Church
and State, according to the best
form and manner, prescribed and
laid open in the Sermons of many
of the Grand Commissioners and
Farmers, before the Parliament,
appointed to be Printed, and now
called, The Homilies of the Sepa-
rated Churches. And that I will
never, by what Conviction of Au-
thority soever, whether Legal or
Episcopal, ever consent to the Esta-
blish'd Doctrine and Discipline of
the Church of England.

And I do likewise believe, That
Liberty of Conscience was a my-
sterious, yet profitable Talent, com-
mitted to the Churches, and that
it may be lawfully Farmed out for
Advantage and Improvement.

That no Person, within the King-
dom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*,
or Town of *Berwick*, may, from,
and after the twenty fifth Day of
March next, use or exercise any man-
ner of *Liberty of Conscience*, except
Persons standing conformable to the
Church of *England*; until such Per-
son

son or Persons shall first take the Solemn Protestation, and shall Compound with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, for *Liberty of Conscience*, nor shall he be admitted or permitted to be a *Speaker or Hearer*, in any Meeting or Assemblies whatsoever.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to constitute, under the Publick Seal of the said Office, a convenient number of *Spiritual Gagers*, who may have and exercise all such Powers, Privileges, and Authorities, as the *Gagers* for Excise of Beer and Ale have, or ought to have and enjoy, and may, at any time, in case of Suspicion, enter into any House or Place, Publick or Private, to *Gage* and *try* the *Spirits* and *Affections* of any Person or Persons; and by *Praying*, *Preaching*, or other good *Exhortation*, dissuade from *Episcopacy*, and the *Common-Prayer*, the better to fit and prepare them to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*.

That the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers* of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to *Fine* any Person or Per-

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Persons, (not exceeding the Sum of Twenty Pounds for every Offence) who shall, after Composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, and subscribing the *Solemn Protestation*, be present in any Church or Chappel, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, in the time of any part of Divine Service, *unless at the Funeral of his Father*, or some other like Occasion, he shall either respond, be uncovered, or carry himself reverently in the Time of Divine Service aforesaid.

That the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*, or any twenty four of them, assembled at the Office aforesaid, may have and exercise a *Jurisdiction of Appeal*, in all Matters relating to *Liberty of Conscience*, within the ~~said Kingdom of England~~, and shall have a conclusive Power in all Matters brought before them, by way of Appeal as aforesaid.

That for the better Management of all such Matters as shall be brought judicially before the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*, by way of Appeal, the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers*

mers shall have Power to constitute and appoint Mr. Oliver St. Johns, and such others as they judge fit for their said Service, to be of Standing-council with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers: And the said Mr. Oliver St. Johns, being so constituted and appointed under the publick Seal of the said Office, shall, and may be exempted and discharged from being in any publick Office, or Place of Trust or Profit, for the said Term of seven Years, any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any Person or Persons shall happen to be proceeded against, in any of the Ecclesiastical Courts of the Bishops of this Kingdom, for *Contumacy*, for *Non-Conformity*, for *Non-Payment of Tythes*, and other Church-Duties, for *publick Railing against the Bishops*, the *Common-Prayer*, or the *Government of the Church of England*, or shall speak *Opprobriously* or *Scandalously* against the *Doctrine* or *Discipline* thereof, as *Antichristian*, or shall maintain any Positions or Doctrines contrary thereunto; every such Person producing a Certificate from the said grand Commissioners and Farmers

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under the publick Seal of the said Of-
fice, that such Person or Persons are
under Composition for *Liberty of Con-
science*, shall actually be discharged,
and all farther Proceedings stayed ;
any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any Persons shall happen to
be indicted, or criminally proceeded a-
gainst, in any of His Majesty's Courts
at *Westminster*, or elsewhere, within
the Kingdom of *England*, either for
Treasonable Speeches, or *Practices*, for
publick railing at the Government, or
for *Scandalous Words* against either
or both Houses of Parliament, or for
transgressing any of the penal Laws
and Statutes of this Kingdom, every
such Person or Persons, producing a
Certificate from the said Grand Com-
missioners and Farmers, under the pub-
lick Seal of the said Office, that such
Person or Persons are under Composi-
tion for *Liberty of Conscience* ; and
that such Words or Practices were not
spoken or acted *malitiose*, but were
only the natural and proper Effects and
Product of *Liberty of Conscience*, shall
be discharged, and all further Pro-
ceedings

ceedings stayed ; any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power from time to time, to ordain *Pastors*, *Elders*, and *Deacons*, or any other Officers, under any Administration whatsoever, by the laying on of the publick Seal of the Office : Which said Imposition of the said publick Seal being received with a Certificate, shall be as lawful an Ordination, as if every such Person had received Imposition from the Hands of the Presbytery ; any late Usage or Custom to the contrary notwithstanding,

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers may have Power, from time to time, to set apart Days of publick Fasting, and Humiliation, and Thanksgiving ; on which Days it may be lawful for any Person or Persons appointed, to officiate before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, to stir up the People to a Holy Indignation against themselves, for having, by their Want of Zeal and Brotherly Kindness one towards another, lost many precious Enjoyments ; and above all,

all, the never-to-be-forgotten Loss of the late *Power* and *Dominion*, which with the Expence of so much *Blood* and *Rapine*, was put into the Hands of the Saints. And to take up for a Lamentation, and great Thoughts of Heart, the Divisions of *Reuben*, that having our Sacks full, such an Evil Spirit should be found in the midst of us, as to fall out by the way ; might it have been with those that abode by the Stuff, as with those that went out to the Battle, it had not been with us as at this Day. Some starting aside, like a broken Bow, in the Year 48, others continue to bear the Burden and Heat of the Day until 60, being harness'd, did then turn their Backs in the Day of Battle : As was most sweetly handled at the Fast kept Yesterday, at Mr. Beal's, by Mr. Calamy, Mr. Baxter, and others.

That the twentieth Day of *April* next, commonly call'd *Easter Monday*, be kept as a Day of solemn Fasting and Humiliation, for a Blessing upon these *Gospel-Undertakings*; and that Mr. Edmund Calamy, Mr. Peter Sterry, Dr. Lazarus Seaman, and Mr. Feake, be desired to carry on the Work of the Day

Day in Prayer and Preaching, before
the said Grand Farmers; and that the
Particulars following be recommend-
ed to their Consideration in the Work
of the Day.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1. To Bewail, | 1. All our Court Sins:
2. Our Bishops Sins.
3. Our Monks Sins.
4. Our Common Pray-
er Sins. |
| 2. To Divert, | 1. Westminster-Hall
Judgments.
2. Our Old -- Baily
Judgments.
3. Our Tower-Hill
Judgments.
4. Our Charing-Cross
Judgments.
5. Our Tyburn Judg-
ments. |

*Lastly, For Deliverance from the
Hand of Dunn, that uncircumcised
Philistine.*

That the said Grand Commissioners
and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*,
may have Power to build Churchies and
Chappels in any Place or Places, ex-
cept

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cept upon such Ground where Church-
es or Chappels do already stand, in
regard of the Inconveniencie of setting
up *Altar against Altar*: And foras-
much as the Custom of reading some
part of the Holy Bible before Sermon,
commonly called First and Second Les-
sons, hath been found Fruitless, That
therefore the said *Grand Commissioners*
and Farmers, may have Power to ap-
point instead thereof, the *Annual* read-
ing of those *Sermons* preached by ma-
ny of the said *Grand Commissioners*
and Farmers, before the *Parliament*,
upon Special Occasions of *Thanksgiv-
ing and Humiliation*, from the Year
1641, to the Year 1648. Which said
Sermons may be called, *The Homilies
of the Separating Churches*.

That the said *Grand Commissioners*
and Farmers may have Power to re-
quire *Mr. Gilbert Millington*, and
Mr. Luke Robinson, the lame Evange-
list, to deliver up all such Articles,
Orders, Books, Papers, and other
Writings, as were transacted be-
fore the late Committee for plundered
Ministers; and likewise, all such as
were passed and transacted before
Mr. Philip Ney, and some others of
the

the now *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, and heretofore called, *Commissioners, or, Spiritual Tryers*, to the end the said Articles, Orders, Books, and other Papers, may be printed and published, and may be kept at the said Office upon Record for ever, and appointed to be the Book of *Canons* of the Separated Churches.

All this being done, we may upon *Scripture Grounds* expect, that the Door of Hope may yet be open to Us, and our Children after us, to see the Travail of our Souls, and to set us into the Promised Land, and to reap some of those Clusters of the Grapes of *Ca-naan*, which, with so much Labour and Toil of Body and Mind, were planted, especially in the Years of 1641, 42, 43, 44, 45, by many of Us, and other precious Saints and Ministers of the Gospel, who are since fallen asleep, and have, we hope, reaped the Fruits of those Labours, the Lord having in that Day put a mighty Spirit into Us, and set us as Watchmen upon the Towers of *Israel*, to cry mightily, *Curse ye Meraz, curse ye bitterly. Grant that those Heart-breaking Labours of Ours, those King-destroying Labours,*

those Kingdom-ruining Labours, those Gospel-scandalizing Labours, those Church-subverting Labours, those Soul-confounding Labours of Ours may never be forgotten, but may be written, as with the Point of a Diamond, upon the Heart of the King, upon the Hearts of the Bish^{ps}, upon the Hearts of the Parliament, and upon the Hearts of all the People, from Dan to Beersheba, that so in God's good time, we may receive our Reward seven-fold into our own Bosoms, and that the Generations to come, may hear and fear, and do no more so wickedly. So prays

S. Butler.

The Round-Heads Resolution.

WHereas we are, thro' our great Ignorance and Obstinacy grown to a most Seditious and Malignant Head, and the Horns of that Head (tho' of a main length) not able to support our Arrogant Faction, as appears by our last being soundly blash'd and ba-

bastinado'd, by a mad Crew called the *Cavaliers*; and whereas a great Part of Us have shut up our Shops, because we could no longer keep them open; which kind of shutting up, proceedeth commonly from our vast Expence in *White-broths, Custards, and other Luxurious Dishes*, provided for the Edification one of another. And whereas the Multitude called, *True Protestants*, endeavour to hold up Bishops, to maintain good Order, Discipline, and Orthodox Preaching in the *Church*; Learning and Arts in the Universities, and Peace in the Commonwealth; all which is nothing but *Idolatry, Superstition, Profaneness, and plain Popery*: And further, whereas we (who are nothing properly but *Round-Heads and Fanaticks*) are in most scandalous manner termed *Holy Brethren, the Zealots of the Land*, and which in Sincerity we never were, or ever will be.

And forasmuch likewise as the profane World of *True Protestants*, are a stiff-necked Generation, and will not yield unto Us the Pre-eminence of *Doctrine and Religion*, notwithstanding the many senseless two Hours of

those Spiritual Trumpets of Our Fa-
tion, the Sanctified Clergy-Lecturers, or
of Our more Divine Lectures of our
Supreme She-Lecturers, whose Bowels
do even earn for the getting *in* of the
Saints unto *Us*, and have, as it were,
even a zealous lusting after *Us*:

And forasmuch as the Religion pro-
fessed by *Us*, is the purest and most de-
cent, as appears by the great Love and
Community betwixt the Brethren and
the Sisters, the Conveniency of the
Woods, Saw-pits, and Dark Places,
the putting out Lights, and defying
those Tapers of Iniquity, which cause
us to behold our own Wicked Deeds,
the goodly Bigness of the Ear, with the
Shortness of the Hair, which binder-
eth not the Sound of the Shepherds
Voice, but easily heareth them call to a
great Feast, amongst the Rich Saints;
the Length and Sharpness of the Nose,
which not only smelleth the sweet Sa-
vours of the Holy Plumb-broth, but
also praiseth an eager Appetite to
some good Works towards the Younger
Sisters; the Roundness of the Band,
the Length of the Doublet, and the
Shortness of the Breeches, being a Ha-
bit correspondent to the Pictures of

the Apostles in the Geneva Print ; the Mightiness of our *Faith*, which is able to remove a Church into a Wood ; the Transparency of our *Charity*, that is so invisible, that neither the Right Hand nor the Left ever knew it ; the Multitude of our *Good Works* which no Man living can number ; the Godly Works of our tautological Prayers, and the Zeal thereof, which brings us even to Divine Consumption, whereby we look like the Prodigal Son at his return home, or the Priests in the Arras ; the defying of all Fathers, Bishops, and Doctors, Conformable Persons, Canonical Rôbes, Ecclesiastical Gestures, and Utensils, all Learning, Liberal Arts and Degrees, as the Rags of Superstition, the Dregs of Popery, are abominable in the goggle Eyes of a right Round-head ; and yet this simple *Innocent Profession* is scorned and baffled, and by whom, but by *Scholars*, and such as profess Learning ? which is no more necessary to Religion, than a Publick Church (which verily) is but a Den of Thieves when we are absent.

All which Grievances do stand with much reason, and therefore are utterly

A PROPOSAL for Fasting
against our tender Consciences, and
never were allowed by any Synod of
Moorfields or Westminster.

That therefore which we do now re-
solve to maintain, and desire to have
confirmed, and never to be alter'd
(till some new Toy tickle us in the
Pericranium, which will be very short-
ly) is,

1. That our Religion, Tenets, and
Manners, before-mentioned, be esta-
blished and maintain'd against all *Rea-
son, Learning, Divinity, Order, Dis-
cipline, Morality, Piety, or Humanit-
y* whatsoever.
2. That the very Name of *Bishops*,
shall be a sufficient *Jury and Judge*, to
condemn any of them, without any
further Evidence or Circumstance.
3. That if any Man whatsoever,
having Knowledge in the *Latin Tongue*
(being a Popish Language) shall pre-
sume to think he can save a Soul by
Preaching, he shall be *Excommunica-
ted* both in this World and in the
World to come ; unless it be some
certain *Lecturers*, of whose approved
Railing and Ignorance, we are well as-
sured, and have known to stand six
Hours on a Fasting Day.

4. That the *Felt-maker* and the *Cobbler*, two innocent *Cuckolds* may be instituted *Primates* and *Metropolitans* of the two *Arch Provinces*, and the rest of the *Sect* preserved, according to their Imbecilities of Spirit, to such *Bishopricks* and other Livings, as will competently serve to procure fat Poultry, for the filling of their infatiate Stomachs, in which regard, Church-Livings had more need to be increased, than diminished.

5. That no Man whatsoever, who bears the Name of *Cavalier*, may be capable of making any of the Brethren a *Cuckold*, unless he cut his Hair, and alter his Profession; but be excluded from the *Conventicles*, as the King's Friend, and a Reprobate.

6. *Lastly*, That there be two whole Days set a-part to Fast and Pray for the Confusion of all that are not thus resolved.

A C A V E A T to the Round- Heads.

I Come to charge ye
 That slight the Clergy,
 And pull the Mitre from the Prelate's
 That you will be wary, (Head,
 Lest you miscarry, (bred ;
 In all these factious Humours you have
 But as for Brownists we'll have none,
 But take them all and hang them one by
 (one.

Your wicked Actions,
 Joyn'd in Factions, (due ;
 Are all but Aims to rob the King of his
 Then give this Reason
 For your Treason,
 That you'll be rul'd, if he'll be rul'd by
 (you ;
 Then leave these Factions, zealous Bro-
 (ther,
 Lest you be banged one against another.

Your Wit abounded,
Gentle Round-Head,
When you abus'd the Bishops in a Ditty,
When as you Sanged,
You must be Hanged,
A Tympany of Malice made you witty,
And, tho' your hot Zeal made you bold,
When you are hang'd, your Arse will be
(a-cold.

Then leave confounding,
And expounding
The Doctrine that you preach in Tubs,
You raise this Warring,
And private Farring,
I doubt, in time, will prove the Knaves
(of Clubs.
It's for your Lying, and not for your
(Oaths,
You shall be hang'd, and Ketch shall
(have your Cloaths.



The Assembly-Man.

*Written by Mr. Sam. Butler,
and Sir John Birkenhead; in
the Year 1647.*

AN *Assembler* is Part of the States Chattels; nor *Priest*, nor *Burgess*, but a *Participle* that sharks upon both. He was chosen, as Sir *Nathanael*, because he knew least of all his Profession; not by the Votes of a whole Diocese, but by one whole Parliament Man. He has sat four Years, towards a new Religion, but in the Interim left none at all: As his Masters, the Commons, had a long Debate, whether *Candles* or no *Candles*, but all the mean while they sat,

sate still in the Dark : And therefore when the Moon quits her old Light, and has acquir'd no new, Astronomers say she is in her *Synods*; shew me such a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*, (a griping, false, reforming Brother rails at *Waste* spent upon the *Anointed*, Persecutes most those Hands which *Ordain'd* him, brings in *Men with Swords and Staves*; and all for Money from the Honourable Scribes and *Pharisees*,) one Touch more (a Line-tyed to his Name-sake *Elder-Tree*) had made him *Judas*, Root and Branch. This *Assembly* at first was a full Century, which should be reckon'd as the Scholiast's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads; or count them by Scores, for in Things without Heads Six score go to an Hundred, they would be a new *Septuagint*; the old Translated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, these turn it into *Four Shillings a Day*. And these *Assemblers* were begot in one Day, as *Hercules's* fifty Bastards all in one Night. Their first List was sprinkled with some Names of Honour, (Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Morley*, Dr. *Hammond*, &c.) but these were *Divines*, too worthy to mix with such-

Scandalous Ministers, and would not *Assemble*, without the *Royal Call*. Nay, the first List had one *Archbishop*, one *Bishop*, and an *Half*, (for *Bishop Brownrigg* was then but *Elect.*) But now their *Assembly* (as Philosophers think the *World*) consists of *Atoms*, petty small *Levites*, whose *Parts* are not perceptible. And yet these inferior postern Teachers have intoxicated *England* (for a Man sometimes grows Drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africk*, and by promiscuous coupling engender Monsters. Mr. *Selden* visits them (as *Perfians* use) to see wild *Asses* fight: when the *Commons* have tir'd him with their new Law, these Brethren refresh him with their mad Gospel: They lately were gravel'd 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, they knew not the distance 'twixt those two Places; one cry'd twenty Miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for this reason, that *Fish* was brought from *Jericho* to *Jerusalem Market*: Mr. *Selden* smil'd and said, *Perhaps the Fish was Salt-Fish*; and so stop'd their Mouths. Earl *Philip* goes thither to hear them spend; when he heard them toss their

Na-

National, Provincial, Classical, Congregational ; he swore damnably, that a Pack of good Dogs made better Musick : His Allusion was proper, since the Elder's Maid had a Four-legg'd Husband. To speak Truth, this Assembly is the Two Houses Tiring-Room, where the Lords and the Commons put on their Vizards and Masques of Religion. And their Honours have so sifted the Church, that at last they have found the Bran of the Clergy : Yet such poor Church-menders must Reform and Shuffle, though they find Church-Government may a thousand ways be chang'd for the worse, but not one way for the better. These have lately Publish'd Annotations on the Bible, where their first Note (on the Word *CREATE*) is a Libel against Kings, for creating of Honours. Their Annotation on Jacob's two Kids, is, that two Kids are too much for one Man's Supper : But He had (say they) but one Kid, and the other made Sauce. They observe upon Herod, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two Years old, without giving them legal Tryal, that they might speak for themselves. Commonly they follow the Geneva

Geneva Margin, as those Sea-Men who understood not the *Campass* crept along the Shore. But I hear they threaten a *second Edition*, and in the Interim thrust forth a poultry *Catechism*, which expounds Nine *Commandments*, and Eleven Articles of the *Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Bishops Names to pick out the Number 666! Little dreaming that a whole Baker's Dozen of their own Assembly have that beastly number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League* and *Covenant* consists of 666 Words. But tho' the *Assembly's* Brains are Lead, his Countenance is Brass; for he Damned such as held two Benefices, while himself has four or five, besides his Concubine Lecture. He is not against *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; he says it is unlawful to have two of his own, tho' four of other Mens; and observes how the *Hebrew Word for Life* has no singular Number. Yet it is some Relief to a sequestred Person to see two *Assemblers* snarl for his Tithes; for of all kind of Beasts none can match an

an *Assembler* but an *Assembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clammers up thro' a Window of *Sequestration*, or steals in through Vaults and Cellars, by Clandestine Contracts with an expecting Patron. He is most sure no Law can hurt him, for Laws died in *England* the Year before the *Assembler* was born. The best way to hold him is (as our King *Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in *Silver Chains*. He loves to discourse of the *New Jerusalem*, because her Streets are of fine Gold; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapfide* pav'd with the *Philosopher's Stone*. Nay, he would say his Prayers with Beads, if he might have a Sett made of all Diamonds: This, this is it which tempts him to such mad Articles against the *Loyal Clergy*, whom he dresses as he would have them appear, just as the Ballad of Dr. *Faustus* brings forth the Devil, in a *Friars Weed*. He accused one Minister for saying, *the blessed Virgin was the Mother of God*, (*Θεοτόκος*, as the Ancients call her.) Another he charged for a common Drunkard, whom all the Country knows has drunk nothing but Water these

these twenty-six Years. But the *Assembler* himself can drink Widows Tears, tho' their Husbands are not dead. Sure if *Paracelsus's* Doctrine were true, (that *to eat Creatures alive will perpetuate Man's Life*) the *Assembler* were immortal, for he swallows quick Men, Wives, and Children, and devours *Lives* as well as *Livings*; as if he were born in that Pagan Province where *None might Marry till he had killed twelve Christians*. This makes him kneel to Lieutenant-General *Cromwel* (as *Indians* to the Devil;) for he saw how *Oliver* first threw----, then---- and can with a Wink do as much for----: Like *Milo* in the *Olympicks*, by practising on a *Calf* grew strong enough for a *Bull*, and could with ease give a Lift to an *Asse*. The Great *Turk* was sending his Ambassador, to congratulate the *Assemblies* Proceedings against the *Christians*; He ordered them Thanks for Lieensing his *Alcoran* to be Printed in *English*; but hearing *Ottoman Cromwel* had talked of *Marching to the Walls of Constantinople*; that Embassy was stopt. The only difference 'twixt the *Assembler* and a *Turk* is, that one

plants

plants Religion by the Power of the Sword, and the other by the Power of the Cymeter. Nay, the greatest Strife in their whole Conventicle, is, who shall do worst ; for they all intend to make the Church but a Sepulchre, having not only Plunder'd but Anatomiz'd all the true Clergy ; whose Torment is heighten'd in being destroyed by such dull Instruments ; as the Prophet *Isaiah* was fawn to pieces with a wooden Saw. The *Affembler* wonders that the King and his Friend live still in hope ; he thinks them all in St. *Clement's* Case, Drown'd with an Anchor tyed about his Neck. He has now got Power to visit the Universities, where these blinking *Visitors* look on eminent Scholars(as the Blind Man who saw Men like Trees) as Timber growing within the Root-and-Branch *Ordinance*. The *Affembler* has now left Scholars so poor, they have scarce Rags wherewith to make Paper. A Man would think the Two Houses intend to Transport the Universities, since they load Asses with College-Revenues. For though these *Affembliers* made themselves Heads, they are rather Hands of Colleges, for they all are Takers, and take

take all. And yet they are such creeping Tyrants, that Scholars are Expell'd the two Universities, as the old *Thracians*, forc'd from their Country by Rats and Mice. So that Learning now is so much advanced, as *Arrow-smith's Glass-Eye* sees more than his Natural. They never admit a good Scholar to a Benefice, for the *Assemblies* Balance is the *Lake of Sodom*, where Iron swims and Feathers sink. Their Divinity-Disputations are with Women or Lay-men ; and 'tis only on one Question (*Episcopacy*) where the *Assembler* talks all that he and his Friends can say, (though his best medium to prove Presbyters more ancient than Bishops, is that *Scribes, Pharisees, Priests and Elders* were before the *Apostles*;) Yet if a Scholar or good Argument come, he flies them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curse Dr. *Steward*, Dr. *Lanoy*, and Dr. *Hammond*; and had he not had more Brass in his Face than in his Kitchin, he had Hang'd himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that *Treaty*. For he has naught of *Logick*, but her clutch'd *Fist*, and rails at *Philosophy*, as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck

lack when he deals in *Philologie*, as one of them (and that no mean Man) who in his Preface to the Reader, says; *that St. Paul had read Eustathius upon Homer*, though the *Apostle died a thousand Years before Eustathius was born*. The *Assemblers* Diet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Westminster*, four *Assemblers* for thirteen Pence: But this sharpens and whets him for Supper, where he feeds *gratis* with his City-Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach, and News; for which Cram'd Capons Cram him. He screws into Families where is some Rich Daughter or Heir; but whoever takes him into their Bosom, will Die like *Cleopatra*. When it rains he is Coach'd (a Classis of them together) rowling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. His shortest things are his Hair and his Cloak. His Hair is cut to the figure of three, two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whose Cap of shorn Hair shoots down his Forehead, with Creeks indented. where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this false Prophet been carried with *Habakkuk*, the *Angel* had caught fast hold of his Ears, and led

him as he leads his Auditory. His Eyes are part of his Tythe at *Easter*, which he boils at each Sermon. He has two Mouths, his Nose is one, for he speaks through both. His Hands are not in his Gloves, but his Gloves in his Hands, for 'twixt Sweatings, that is, Sermons, he handles little else, except his dear Mammon. His Gown (I mean his Cloak) reaches but his Pockets: When he rides in that Mantle, with a Hood on his Shoulders, and a Hat above both, is he not then his own *Man of Sin* with the Triple Crown? You would swear some honest Carpenter dress'd him, and made him the Tunnel of a Country Chimney. His Doublet and Hose are of dark Blue, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: But of late he's in Black, since the Loyal Clergy were persecuted into Co-lours. His two longest things are his *Nails* and his *Prayers*. But the cleanest thing about him is his Pulpit Cushion, for he still beats the Dust out of it. To do him Right, commonly he wears a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry, for his Clapper makes such a Din, you cannot hear the Cymbal for the Tinkling.

sling. If his Pulpit be large he walks his Round, and speaks as from a Garrison, (his own Neck is Palizado'd with a Ruff) when he first enters his Prayer before Sermon, he winks and gasps and gasps and winks, as if he prepar'd to Preach in another World. He seems in a Slumber, then in a Dream, then rumbles a while, at last sounds forth, and then throws so much Dirt and Nonsense towards Heaven, as he durst not offer to a Member of Parliament. Now because Scripture bids him *not curse the King in his Thought*, he does it in his Pulpit, by word of Mouth ; though Heaven strike him Dumb in the very Act, as it did *Hill at Cambridge*, who, while he prayed, *Depose him, O Lord, who would Depose us*, was made the *Dumb Devil*. This (one would think) should gargle his foul Mouth. For his only Hope why God should hear him against the King, is, the Devil himself (that great *Assembler*) was heard against *Job*. His whole Prayer is such an irrational Bleating, that (without a Metaphor) 'tis the *Calves of his Lips* : And commonly 'tis larded with fine new Words, as *Savingable, Muchly, Christ-Jesu-*

ness, &c. and yet he has the Face to Preach against *Prayer in an unknown Tongue*. Sometimes he is founder'd, and then there is such hideous Coughing : But that is very seldom, for he can glibly run over Nonsense, as an empty Cart trundles down a Hill. When the King girt round the Earl of Essex at *Leſtythiel*, an *Assembler* complained, that *God had drawn his People into the Wilderness*, and told him, *He was bound in Honour to feed them*; for, Lord, said he, since thou giveſt them no Meat, we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs. He tore the *Liturgy*, because, forsooth, it shackled his Spirit, (he would be a Devil without a Circle;) and now if he see the Book of *Common Prayer*, the Fire sees it next, as sure as those Bishops were burned who Compiled it. Yet he has Mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, because their *Meters* are Sung without Authority (no Statute, Canon, or Injunction at all;) only like himself, first crept into Private Houses, and then into Churches. Mr. *Rous* moved those *Meters* might be sequestred, and his own new Rithmes to enjoy the sequestration; but was refused, because

John

John Hopkins was as ancient as John Calvin; besides, when Rous stood forth for his Trial, Robin Wisdom was found the better Poet. 'Tis true, they have a Directory, but 'tis good for nothing but Adoniram, who sold the Original for 400*l.* And the Book must serve both England and Scotland, as the Directory Needle points North and South. The Assembler's only Ingenuity is, that he prays for an extempore Spirit, since his Conscience tells him he has no Learning. His Prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to observe the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turns the Apostle's Men, Fathers, and Brethren, into Dear Brethren and Sisters. For his usual Auditory is most part Female; and as many Sisters flock to him, as at Paris on Saint Margaret's Day, when all come to Church that are, or hope to be with Child that Year. He divides his Text as he did the Kingdom, makes one part fight against another: Or as Burges divides the Dean of Paul's House, not into Parts but Tenements; that is, so as 'twill yield most Money. And properly they are Tenements; for each part must be dwelt upon, though himself

comes near it but once a Quarter ; and so his Text is rather set out than Divided. Yet sometimes (to shew his Skill in *Keckerman*) he *Butchers* a Text, cuts it (just as the *Levite* did his *Concubine*) into many dead Parts, breaking the Sense and Words all to pieces, and then they are not divided, but shattered, like the Splinters of *Don Quixot's Lance*. If his Text be to the Occasion, his first Dish is *Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver*; yet tells not the People what Pictures those were. His Sermon and Prayer grin at each other, the one is *Presbyterian*, the other *Independant*, for he preaches up the *Classes*, yet prays for the Army. Let his Doctrine and Reason be what they will, his Use is still to save his *Benefice* and augment his *Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhors *Peace*, lest it strip him as naked as *Truth*; and therefore hates a Personal Treaty, unless with a Sister. He has a rare simpering way of Expressions, he calls a Married Couple, *Saints that enjoy the Mystery*; and a Man Drunk, is a *Bruther full of the Creature*. Yet at Wedding-Sermons he is very familiar, and (like that Picture in the Church

Church at Leyden) shews *Adam* and *Eve* without Fig-leaves. At Funerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to Heaven; but his chief Mark of a *Child of God*, is, to be good to *God's Ministers*. And hence it is he calls his Preachment *Manna*, fitted not to his Hearers *Necessity* but their *Palate*; for 'tis to feed himself, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself with the People's Hum, as a Collar of Bells to chear up a Pack-horse. 'Tis no wonder he'll Preach, but that any will hear him, (and his constant Auditors do but shew the length of their Ears;) for he is such an *Αβιατερογνάκκως*, that to hear him makes good Scholars sick, but to read him is Death. Yet though you hear him three Hours, he'll ask a fourth, as the Beggar at *Delph* craves your Charity because he eats four pound of Bread at a Meal. 'Twas from his Larum the Watchmakers learn'd their infinite Screw. His Glass and Text are equally handled, that is, once an Hour: Nay, sometimes he fallyes and never returns, and then we should leave him to the Company of *Lorimers* for

he must be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the History of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale or Expression, 'tis easier to make Stones speak, than him to hold his Peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Echo*, for it robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-Hand-Men*, who have the Patience to write from his Mouth: Had they the Art to shorten it into Sense, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention consists in finding a way to speak nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seignior's Power*, he would lodge him with his *Mates*; for *Nothing*, and *Nothing to purpose*, are all one. I wonder in Conscience he can preach against *Sleeping* at his *Opium-Sermons*. He Preaches indeed both in Season and out of Season; for he rails at Popery, when the Land is almost lost in Presbytery; and would cry out, *Fire, Fire, in Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he so acts with his Hands, that in this Sense too his Preaching is an *Handicraft*.

craft. Nor can we complain that Plays are put down while he can preach ; save only his Sermons have worse Sense and less Truth. But he blew down the Stage, and preach'd up the Scaffold. And very wisely, lest Men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best Similies, (the only thing wherein he is commendable, St. Paul himself having cull'd Sentences from Menander's *Thais*, though 'twas his worst, that is, unchaste Comedy.) Sometimes the *Assembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the Translator of *Don Quixot*) he mistakes *Sobs* and *Sighs* for *Eggs* and *Colllops*. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and streight is *illuminated*, that is Mad ; his Brain is broke by a Brick-bat cast from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this empty windy Teacher has lectured a War quite round the Kingdom : He has found a Circulation of Blood for *Destruction* (as famous *Harvey* for *Preservation*) of Mankind. 'Twas easie to foresee a great Mortality, when Ravens were heard in all Corporations : For, as Multitude of Frogs presage a Pestilence, so croaking *Lecturers*

foretold an *Assembly*. Men come to Church, as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have seen a small *Elder-tree* grow in Chinks and Clefts of Church-Walls, it seems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*; which, lend it Growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throws down the Church. Is not this the *Assemblor*? grown from Schisms, (which himself begot) and, if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor or Church Yard*. Yet for all this, he will be call'd, *Christ's Minister* and *Saint*, as the Rebels against King *John* were the *Army of God*. Sure when they meet they cannot but smile, for the dullest amongst them needs must know that they all cheat the People; such gross, low Impostors, that we die the Death of the Emperor *Claudius*, poyson'd by *Mushromes*. The old Hereticks had Skill and Learning, (some excuse for a Seduced Church) those were *Scholars*, but these *Assemblers*; whose very Brains (as *Manichæus's Skin*) are stuffed with chaff. For they study little, and preach much, ever sick of a *Diabetes*: Nor do they *Read*, but *Weed Authors*, picking up cheap and refuse Notes, that,

that, with *Caligna*, they gather Ckle Shells, and with *Domitian*, ret into their Study to catch Flies. *Fasts* and *Thanksgivings* the Assemble the State's Trumpet ; for then he d not *preach*, but is *blown* ; procla News very loud, the Trumpet and Forehead being both of one Met (And yet, good Man, he still pr for *Boldness*.) He hackneys out Voice, like a Crier ; and is a kind *Spiritual Agitant*, receives Orde and spreads them. In earnest, States can't want this Tool, for wi out him the *Saints* would scarce assible. And if the Zealots chance to out, they are charm'd home by *Sounding Brass*. There is not on Ea a baser Sycophant ; for he ever chewing some *Vote* or *Ordinance* ; a tells the People how savoury it like him who lick'd up the Emperors Spittle, and swore 'twas sweet. Wou the Two Houses give him *Cathed Lands*, he would prove *Lords* & *Commons* to be *Jure Divine* : B should they offer him the *Self-denying Ordinance*, he would justify the vil, and curse them to their Faces, (Brother Kirk-Man did it in Scotlan,

'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they play into each others Hands ; *Marshal* procures Thanks to be given to *Sedgwick*, (for his great Pains;) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshal*, and so they all pimp for one another. But yet (to their great Comfort be it spoken) their whole seven Years Sermons at *Westminster*, are now to be sold in *Fetter-Lane* and *Pye-corner*. Before a Battle the *Assembler* ever speaks to the Soldiers, and the holding up of his Hands must be as necessary as *Moses's* against the *Amalekites* : For he pricks them on, tells them that *God loves none but the valiant*; but when Bullets fly, himself runs first, and then cries, *All the Sons of Adam are Cowards!* Were there any *Meztempsychosis*, his Soul would not want a Lodging, no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep, and innocent as a Wolf. His sole Comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: Sure as *Satan* hath possessed the *Assembler*, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed *Satan*, and is the Devil's Devil : He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens*. He hath suck'd Blood ever since he lay in the *Butcher's Sheets*, and now

(like)

(like his Sultan) has a Shambles in his Countenance ; so crimson and torrid you may there read how St. Lawrence died, and think the *Three Children* were delivered from his Face. This is St. Hugh, who will level the *Assembler*, or the Devil's an Ass. Yoke these Brethren, and they two couple like a *Saducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both Mahometans. But the *Assembler's* deepest, highest Abomination, is his *Solemn League* and *Covenant* ; whereby he strives to damn or beggar the whole Kingdom ; out-doing the Devil, who only persuades, but the *Assembler* forces to *Perjury* or *Starving*. And this (whoever lives to observe it) will one Day sink both him and his Faction : For *He* and his *Oath* are so much alone, that were he half hang'd and let down again, his first Word would be *Covenant ! Covenant !*

But I forget, a *Character* should be brief (though *tedious Length* be his best *Character*.) Therefore I'll give ye (what he denies the sequestred Clergy) but a *fifth Part* : For weigh him single, and he has the Pride of three Tyrants, the Forehead of six Gaolers,

Goalers, and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him in the Bunch, and their whole *Assembly* is a *Club* of Hypocrites, where six Dozen of Schismaticks spend two Hours, for four Shillings a-piece.

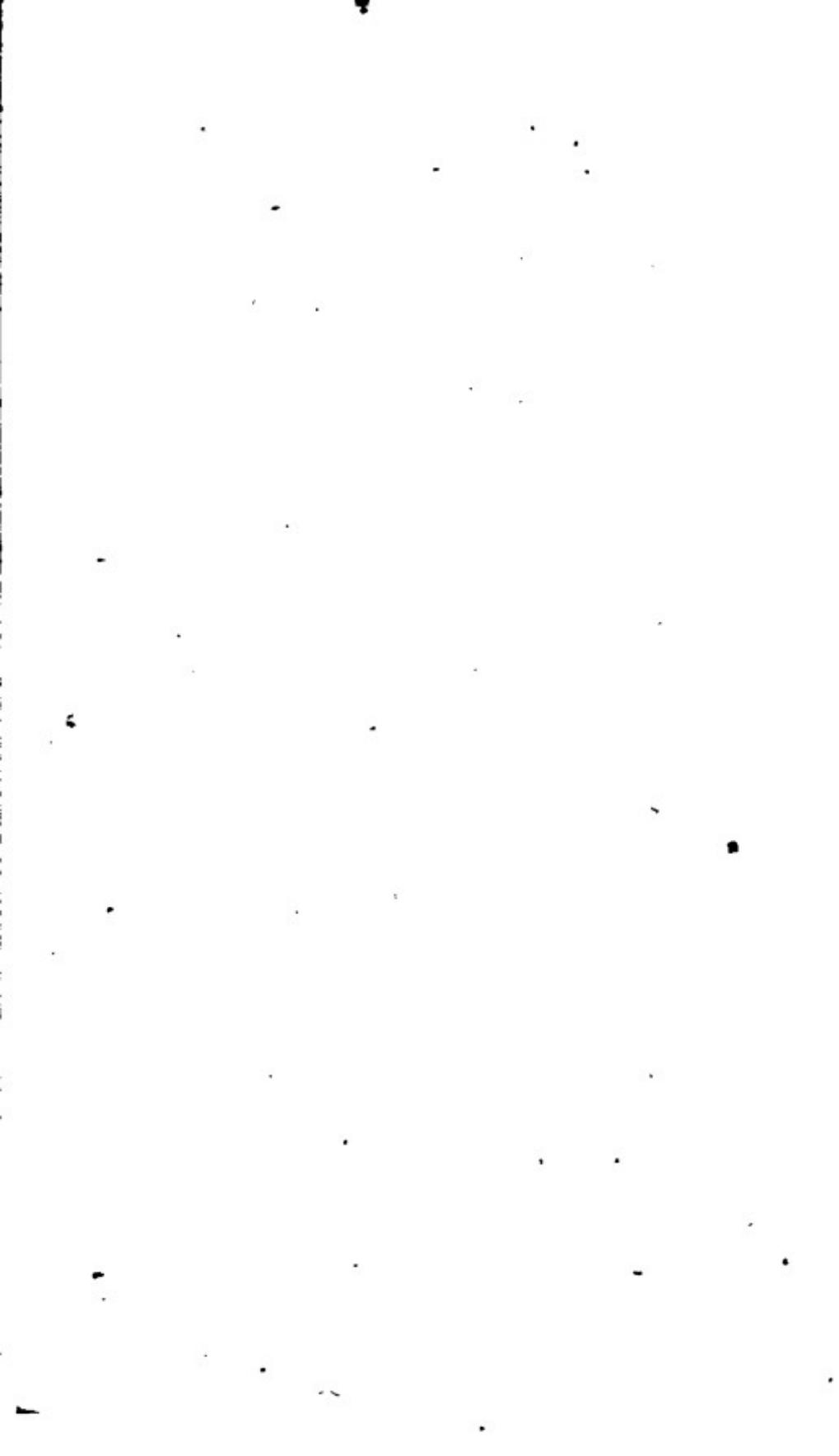


THE
C A S E
O F
King CHARLES I.
Truly Stated,
AGAINST
John Cook, Master of
Gray's-Inn.

By MR. BUTLER, Author
of *Hudibras.*



L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year, 1715.



P R E F A C E T O T H E R E A D E R.

TH E Publisher of this following Discourse, has thought fit to oblige the World with a Piece of Curiosity ; it was penn'd about forty Years since, by the Ingenious and Celebrated Author of Hudibras. The Libel which he answers, was the Labour of one John Cook, Master of Grays-Inn, a great Pains-taker in the Mysteries of Rebellion. To give you the Original of it, 'twas a Studied Invective against the Person of King Charles I. before the High Court of Justice, (so called) of infamous Memory ; but upon the Non-pleading of the Royal Martyr, 'twas afterwards metamorphos'd into a Pamphlet, with the specious Title of, King Charles's Case ; or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Trial.

Hom

How Rational this Appeal was, may be easily discover'd from those numerous Fallacies and notorious Falshoods, which our Author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain Matter of Fact, but also in the Pamphleteer's pretended way of Reasoning, the false Logick, and worse Law. I shall not enter into the Merits of the Cause; for I suppose the more Rational Part of Mankind, is abundantly satisfied in the Innocence of that Great Man, as to any thing that was laid to his Charge; and upon that Account, indeed, there would have been little Occasion at this time of Day to produce so great an Advocate for his Memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new Rule of the Old Republican Stamp, who have reviv'd the Quarrel, and copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten Scandal of our Libeller, and made it their own. The Author of Ludlow's Letter may be reckoned amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a Patron of Faction, and a Promoter of the Good Old Cause; but shew'd himself most in that famous Year, when he was one of the Tribunes of the People. I should not have made such a Digression upon this Worthy Patriot, but that I find

PREFACE to the Reader. R. S.
find him to intrude amongst his Friends,
Mr. Milton and our Libeller, and
seems to be the very Copy of their Ma-
lice, at least, though not their Wit;
and for that Reason, I must confess, he
seems to be the least pointed at by our
Answerer. I shall say no more of him
at present, but pass him by with the
same Contempt as the Government has
wisely done; 'tis but unseasonable Quar-
relling with a Man that is arm'd with
so much Dirt, you'll be sure of that, if
you leave nothing else.

I need not trouble the Reader with
any Harangue upon our Author, or his
Book; I suppose he is no Stranger to
the Honest and more Learned Part of
the Kingdom; and as for the rest, 'twas
their best Security they were not known
by him. I shall only add, that it was
Mr. Butler's Design to print the Dis-
course himself, had not Death prevented
him; and since it has fell into the
Editor's Hands, 'tis but a Piece of Ju-
stice to his Memory, to let the World
make their Advantage of it.

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THE
C A S E
O F
King CHARLES I.
Truly Stated.

Mr. Cook,

HA VING lately seen a Book of yours, which you are pleased to call *King CHARLES's Case, or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal*, I was much invited to read it, by the Ingenuity promised in your Title. For having heard you stile yourself Solicitor General for

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the King's Dread Sovereignty, and your own Honourable Client, the People; I was much taken with your Impartiality, that not only exempts all Rational Men from being your Clients in this Case, in making them, by your Appeal, your Judges: For no Man, you know, can be Judge in his own Case, but acknowledge your High Court, from which you appeal to all Rational Men to consist of no such: But indeed I had not read many Lines before I found mine own Error, as well as yours, and your Proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain Dealing I expected from you; for you presently fall to insult upon the Unhappiness of your undeserved Adversary, and that with so little Moderation, as if you strove to make it a Question whether his incomparable Patience, or your own ungoverned Passion, should be the greater Wonder of Men, preposterously concluding him Guilty, before with one Syllable you had proved him so: A strange way of doing Justice! which you endeavour to make good by a strange insolent Railing, and more insolent Proceeding to the secret Council of Almighty God, from whence you

you presume to give Sentence on him, a Boldness no less impious than unjust in you, were it true, since we can never know it to be so.

But indeed it is hard to say, whether you have shewn more Malice or Vanity in this notable Declaration of yours; for he that considers the Affection and Fantastick Lightness of your Language, (such as *Ireland*, a *Land of Ire*; *Bite-Sheep* for *Bishops*, and other such ingenious Elegancies of Quibble) must needs confess it an Oration more becoming a Fool in a Play, or *Peters* before the Rabble, than the Patrons of his Sovereign's Sovereign, or the Gravity of that Court, which you say, right wisely, shall be admir'd at the Day of Judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuse him of reading *Johnson's* and *Shakespear's* Plays, which, it seems, you have been more in your self to much worse purpose, else you had never hit so right upon the very Dialect of their railing Advocates, in which (believe me) you have really out-acted all that they could fansie of passionate and ridiculous Outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am so charitable to believe it was your Passion that imposed upon your Understanding; else, as a Gentleman, you could have never descended to such Peasantry of Language, especially against such a Person, to whom (had he never been your Prince) no Law enjoins (whatsoever his Offences were) the Punishment of Ribaldry. And for the Laws of God they absolutely condemn it; of which I wonder, you that pretend so much to be of his Council, should be either so ignorant or forgetful.

Calamity is the Visitation of God, and (as Preachers tell us) a Favour he does to those he loves; wherever it falls it is the Work of his Hand, and should become our Pity, not our Insolence. This the ancient Heathen knew, who believing Thunder came from the Arm of God, reverenc'd the very Trees it lighted on.

But your Passion hath not only misled you against Civility and Christian Charity, but common Sense also; else you would never have driven your Chariot of Reason (as you call it) so far out of the Road, that you forget whither you are going, and run over every

every thing that stands in your way ; I mean, your unusual Way of Argument, not only against Reason, but yourself, as you do it at the first sally ; for after your Fit of Raving is over, you bestow much Pains to prove it one of the Fundamentals of Law, That the King is not above the Law, but the Law above the King. And this you deraign, as you call it, so far, that at length you say, the King hath not by Law so much Power, as, a Justice of Peace, to commit any Man to Prison ; which you would never have done, if you had considered from whom the Justice derives his Power, or in whose Name his Warrants run ; else you may as well say, a Man may give that which he hath not ; or prove the Moon hath more light than the Sun, because he cannot shine by Night as the Moon doth. But you needed not have strained so hard, for this will serve you to no purpose, but to prove that which was never denied by the King himself ; for if you had not a much worse Memory than Men of your Condition should have, you could not so soon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that Charge, the King demanded-

maimed of your High Court, by what Law they could fit to judge him (as offering to submit if they could produce any) but then Silence or Interruption were thought the best Ways of confessing there was no such thing: And when he undertook to shew them both Law and Reason too, why they could not do it, the Righteous President told him plainly, *He must have neither Law nor Reason*; which was certainly (as you have it very finely) the most comprehensive, impartial, and glorious piece of Justice that ever was played on the Theatre of England; for what could any Court do more than rather condemn itself, than injure Truth.

But you had better have left this whole Business of the Law out of your *Appeal to all Rational Men*, who can make no use of it, but against yourself: For if the Law be above the King, much more is it above the Subject. And if it be so heinous a Crime in a King to endeavour to set himself above Law, it is much more heinous for Subjects to set themselves above King and Law both. Thus, like right Mountebanks, you are fain to wound and poysen yourselves to cheat others, who cannot

but wonder at the Confidence of your Imposture, that are not ashame'd to magnifie the Power of the Law, while you violate it, and confess you set your selves really above the Law, to condemn the King but for intending it.

And indeed Intentions and Designs are the most considerable Part both of your Accusations and Proofs, some of which you are fain to fetch a great way off, as far as his Coronation Oath, which you next say, *He, or the Archb, bishops by his Order, emasculated, and left out very material Words,* (which the People shall choose.) Which is false; for these Words were not left out, but rendred with more Sence, (*which the Commonalty have*) and, if you consider what they relate to, (Customs) you will find you cannot, without open Injury, interpret, *Elegit,* (in the Latin Oath,) *shall choose,* not, *hath chosen;* for, if you will have *Con-suetudines quas vulgus elegit,* to mean, Customs, which are to be not only Use, which must be often repeated before it become a Custom, but, Choice, which necessarily preceeds Use.

But suppose it were as you would have it, I cannot see with what Reason

son you can presume it to be a Design to subvert the Laws, since you know he had sworn to defend them before, in the first Article of the Oath, from which I wonder how you can suppose, that so wise a Prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be so irrational to believe himself absolute by this Omission. But you are not without further Contradiction yet, for if he were so perfidious a Violater of Oaths, as you would have the World believe, what reason had he to be conscientious of taking them? Certainly he hath little Cause to be nice what Oaths he takes, that hath no regard what Oath's he breaks.

Nor can I possibly understand your other Construction of his Refusal to take the Oath, as his Predecessors had done, which you will have a Design to refuse his Assent to such good Laws, rather than bad Ones, as the Parliament should tender; for besides the absurd Conceits, that he must still like the bad better than the good, if you consider what you say afterwards, the charitable Sense will appear, by your own Words, to be the truest; for you confess he gave his Assent to any bad

one, else you had not been fain, for want of such, to accuse him of a few good ones, as you do there; which of these is most probable, let every rational Christian judge.

Your next Argument to prove the King's Design to destroy the Law, is thus order'd: Those Knights that were by an old Statute to attend at the King's Coronation, being promised by his Proclamation (in Regard of the Infestation then spread thro' the Kingdom) a Dispensation for their Absence, were after fined at the Council-Table; no doubt by the Procurement of some of your own Tribe, where they pleading the Proclamation for their Indemnity, were answer'd, That the Law of the Land was above any Proclamation. Your Conclusion is therefore, The King had a Design to subvert the Laws: Sure there is no Man in his Wits but would conclude the contrary; such Arguments as these are much like the Ropes that *Oeneus* twisted only for Asses to devour.

But if this should fail, you know you were provided with another, not less substantial, and that is, his Alteration of the Judges Commissions, who here-

heretofore had their Places granted to them during their good Behaviour, but he made them but during Pleasure ; of this you make a sad Business of a very imaginary evil Consequence ; but if you had considered before, what you say presently after, that the King, and not the Judges, is to be accountable for the Injustice and Oppression of the Government, &c. you would have found it very just that he should use his Pleasure in their Dismission as well as Choice ; for Men of your Profession, that have lived long enough to be Judges, are not such Punies in Cunning, to play their Feats of Iniquity above-board ; and if they may sit still, they can be proved to have mis-behav'd themselves : The Prince that is to give an Account for all, may sooner know he is abused, than how to help himself.

All the Inconveniency which you can fancy possible to ensue it, is only to such bad Judges as buy their Places ; of whose Condition and Loss you are very sensible, as if they had too hard a Bargain of Injustice, believe they may have Reason enough to give unjust Judgment, rather than lose their Places and their Money too, if they shall

receive such Intimation from the King: But you forget your-self, when you put this in your *Appeal to all Rational Men*; for they will tell you this was a bold Affront done to your High Court of Justice; for if it were potential Tyranny (as you will have it) in the King, to have but a Design to indure the Judges to give Sentence against the Law, which you say brings the People the next Step to Slavery: What is it in those who presume to give Sentence themselves, not only contrary to Law, but the declared Opinion of all the Judges, and those of their choosing too? And (I beseech you) whither, by your own Doctrine, does this bring the People that submit to it? Certainly, if you that can accuse the King of this, had been a few heretofore, you would not only have stoned your Fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your Arguments should miscarry, you have a Reserve left that does (as you say) irrefragably prove the Design; what's that? he is restless to destroy Parliaments, or make them useless. Believe me, this is right *ignotum per ignotius*, excellent Consequence to prove his Design by his Desires;

fires ; you should have prov'd his Desires first, (if you would prove his Thoughts by his Thoughts) for certainly if ever he designed it, he desir'd it first. You had better have concluded plainly he did it, because he designed it, for that is all one in Sense : But if I might be but half so bold with your Designs, I should, with more Reason, guesf you have one to make us believe your familiar Acquaintance with the seeret Counsels of God, (which you so often pretend to) else certainly he has given the Desires of Men so private a Lodging, that without his own Discovery, (which you can give us no Account of) you have no other way to know them. You'd do well, and if I may advise you, you shall give over this unlucky thing called Reason, and betake yourself wholly to Revelations.

How these Arguments might prevail with your High Court of Justice I cannot tell ; but in my Opinion, they had little Reason to thank you for this last, for while you make the King a Traitor, and prove his meer Desire to destroy the Parliament, or make it useles, on purpose to subvert the Laws, you do bat tell them what they are

that have already done it ; and the People, what a Deal of Law they are to expect hereafter. All you can justly in your own Sense, accuse the King of, is but Discontinuance, or untimely Dissolution of Parliaments, which I wonder with what Sense you can interpret a Design to destroy the Parliaments, since all the World knows he parted with his Power to dissolve the Parliament too. But see how doubly unjust you are ; you accuse him for not calling Parliaments so often as he was bound to do by the Law, once a Year, (as you say) or oftner, but never consider how that is impossible to be done, without dissolving them as often, for doing which, notwithstanding, with so much Clamour, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with Inconsistencies, and may with much more Reason accuse him for calling Parliaments, because if he had not called them, he could never have dissolved them, which is very like your way of Argument.

But much better than you commonly use ; for your next, (to remove an Objection out of your way) is thus managed : The King, and not the Judges and evil Councillors, ought to be accountable

countable for the Male-Administrations, Injustices, and Oppressions of the Parliament. Your Reasons are, because he made such wicked and corrupt Judges : Were they not his own Creatures ? and ought not every Man to be accountable for the Work of his own Hands ? Believe me, this were something, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as Judges. But if this Plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable Clients, the People ; for if they made the King, as you say they did, you have clear'd him of all such horrid Crimes, Murders, and Massacres, which you take so much Pains, to no purpose, to accuse him of ; and, like a right Man of Law, have undone your Clients, upon whose Score you set them. Your next Business will be to prove God guilty of the Sins of wicked Men, for they are his Creatures, and the Work of his own Hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual Method of doing him Right, to make him sole Author and Owner of all his ill ordered or unhappy Actions, and not allow him a Share in any good Deed or Act of Grace.

And these are the Fundamentals of the Charge, only Suppositions of Intentions and Designs, which how far you have proved just or profitable, let any Man but your self judge. The Course you take afterwards, is much worse, in my Opinion, for you make your own Grounds, and either not prove them at all, or (which is worse) prove them upon their own Bottom, as when you take upon you to state the Ground of your Wars, and prove the King to be the Cause of it, you do it thus:

The King (you say) set up his Standard of War for the Advancement and Upholding of his Personal Interest, Power, and pretended Prerogative, against the publick Interest of common Right, Peace, and Safety. How do you prove this? Because he fought for the Militia, for a Power to call and dissolve Parliaments, a negative Voice to make Judges, confer Honours, grant Pardons, make Corporations, enhance or debase Money, and avoid his own Grants. These you call his Personal Interest, Power, and Prerogative, which you say he fought for. Now, put the Position and Proof together, and see what.

what Sense it will make; truly none But this: That he made War for his Prerogative, because he fought for his Prerogative: Is not this fine Logick! but suppose it were Sense, how do you prove he fought for his Prerogative? to this you have not one Word to say; and why then should we rather take your Word than the King's, who protested he took Arms in Defence of the Protestant Religion, the Liberty of the Subject, the Privileges of Parliament, and Laws of *England*? Certainly there is no Man in his Wits, but would rather believe his Words, than your Arguments, if he does but consider that the most improbable Part of all, (he protested to fight for the Defence of the Privileges of Parliament) is found by Experience to be no Paradox: How true the rest is, Time will instruct you. But yet I cannot see, why we should not rather believe them, than the Pretences of the Parliament, which were more to fight in Defence of his Person, and their own Privileges, which how they have performed, your self can tell; but all this while you mistake your own Question, which was not the right of the Cause, but the Cause, or (as you have it) the Occasion of the

War ; and if you had a Purpose to know that, Actions had been the only Guide of your Inquiry ; for Intentions and Words are uncertain, and if they make no Assaults in private Quarrels, I know not why they should in publick ; and therefore, since we can never agree about the Truth of more remote Causes, 'tis most just for us to place the Cause of the War, where we find the first Breach of the Peace. Now, that the King was cleared of this, all indifferent Men, who had the Unhappiness to be acquainted with the Method of their own Undoing, can very well testify. And if the Parliament should deny it, their own Votes would contradict them, as well as their Actions ; for when they first raised Horse and Arms, they pretended to do so, because it appeared, the King, seduced by wicked Counsel, intended to make War against the Parliament ; whereby they confess he had not then done it, and they had so little Ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to usurp the Right of his Cause, to justify their own ; and, they say, took Arms for the Defence of the King ; which, if we grant, it must fol-

low, they first made War against him; for no Body else ever did, against whom they could possibly defend him; nor did their Actions, in offering the first Violence, less declare who began the War, when having an Army ready to invade him, before he set up his Standard, they both followed and set upon him, as they did at *Edge-hill*. Go as far as you can, you will still find the *Scots* (whose Quarrel the Parliament took up at the second Hand; as well as they followed their Examples) were the first Beginners of all.

This being granted, how the King could afterwards do less than he did, I cannot understand: *First*, he was bound by the Law of Nature (which you say is Legillative, and hath a suspensive Power over all Human Laws) to defend himself. *Secondly*, By his Coronation Oath, which he took to keep the Peace. And how could he do that, but by his raising Power to suppress those who had already broken it? *Thirdly*, By the Laws of the Land, which, you say, trusted him with the Power of the Sword. And how could he preserve that Trust, if he had fatefull, and suffered others, not only to take

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take it from him, but to use it against
him?

But it is most probable that he never intended it, else he was very unwise to let them be before-hand with him, in seizing upon his Castles, Magazines, and Ships; for which there can be no Reason imagin'd, but that he was loath to give them any Occasion (in securing them) to suspect he did but intend a War. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all Rational Men, that he was so far from being the Cause of the War, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it so long, till he was fain to take Arms at so great a Disadvantage, as he had almost as good have fate still, and suffered. And in this you have used the King with the same Justice the Christians received from *Nero*, who having set *Rome* on Fire himself, a Sacrifice to his own wicked Genius, laid the Odium of it on the Christians, and put them to Death for it.

But this way you found too fair and open for your purpose, and therefore declined it; for having proved his Intentions by his Desires, and his Actions by his Intentions, you attempt a more pre-

preposterous Way yet to prove both, by what might have been his Intentions: And to this purpose you have the Confidence (in spight of Sense) to make Contingencies the final Cause of things, and impolitick, accidental, possible Inconveniences (which all the Wit of Man can never avoid) the intended Reasons of State. As when you will have the King fight for the Militia, only to command the Purse of the People; for a Power to make Judges, only to wrest the Laws; to grant Pardons, that publick spirited Men (as you call them) may be made away, and the Murderers pardon'd, &c. All which being Creatures of your own Fancy and Malice (and no part of his Quarrel) you ate so far from proving what he fought for, that when you have strained your Ability, all you can say, is but this, in your own Sense, That he fought for a Power to do that which he never would do when it was in his Power; but if you take Liberty, I can't but think how you would bestir your self, if you could but get your God, as you have done your King, before such an impartial High Court of Justice as this! how would you charge him with his

his Misgovernement in Nature, for which, by the very same Logick, you may prove he made us all Slaves, in causing the Weaker to hold his Life at the Pleasure of the Stronger ; that he set up a Sun to dazzle our Eyes, that we might not see ; and to kindle Fevers in our Veins, made Fire to burn us ; Water to drown us, and Air to poyson us, and then demand Justice against him ; all which you may easily do, now you have the Trick on't, for the very same Reason will serve again, and with much more Probability ; for 'tis easier to prove, that Men have been burnt and drowned, and died of the Plague, than to make it appear, the King ever used your finer Device to remove publick spirited Men ; or can you, without extreme Injustice, suppose he ever would ? for 'tis so much as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greatest Opposers, (for such you mean, I know) whom he found Owners of any eminent Desert, as he did the Earl of Strafford, and the Attorney General Noy, (and for other honest Men, as you will have them) whom Frenzy or Sedition set against him, by your own Confession ; he

• K. CHARLES I. truly stated. Is
he did not suffer those black Stars (v
ry strange ones) to slit their Noises, ai
crop their Ears.

But now I think these honest publi
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Honesty of your publick Proceeding
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by your own Party, for you but co
fess your own Injustice, while you
knowledge the publick Honesty
those that most oppose it.

How solid or pertinent those Arg
ments of yours have been, let any M
that is sober, judge: But you are
solved, right or wrong, they shall pa
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Enemies is found guilty of any th
they please to lay to his Charge; &
therefore, satisfied with your own
vidence, you proceed to Sentence,

condemn the King with much Formality, by the Fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, by the general Law of all Nations, and the unanimous Consent of all Rational Men in the World, for employing the Power of the Sword to the Destruction of the People, with which they intrusted him for their own Protection. How you got the Consent of Rational Men to this Sentence, I cannot imagine ; for 'tis most certain (By your own Confession) that he never employed the Sword, but against those who first fought to deprive him of it ; and by that very Act, declared they did not trust him, and consequently absolved him both from the Obligation that he had to protect them, and the Possibility too : For no Man can defend another longer than he defends himself ; so that if you will have your Sentence to be just, you must confess it to be Nonsense ; for you must not only prove, that those who fought against him, were the People that trusted him, not those who fought for him, but the lesser, or less considerable Part of the People, the People, as you have the Confidence to call your Honourable Clients, being not the twentieth

tieth Part of the very Rabble ; which if you can do, you are much wiser than *Solomon* : For it is easier to divide a Child in two parts, than to make one of those two parts a whole Child ; and if you have the trick on't you shall be next allowed to prove, that take four out of six, there remains six : Nor is there more Justice or Reason in the Sentence, than in the Course you take to uphold it ; for while you deny the old Maxim of Law, *That the King can do no Wrang*, you maintain a new one much worse, *That he may suffer any* ; and having limited this Power to act only according to Law, expose him to suffer, not only without, but against Law. Truly it is hard Measure, but, rather than fail of your Purpose, you will make as bold with Scripture as you have done with Reason, if it stand in your way ; as you do when you interpret that place of the Apostle, *Where no Law is, there is no Transgression*, to mean, Where there is neither Law of God, nor Nature, nor positive Law : I wonder where that is ; certainly you had better undertake to find out a Plantation for *Archimedes* his Engines to move.

move the Earth, than but fansie where that can be, which you must do before you can make this Scripture to be understood to your purpose ; and I cannot but smile, to think how hard a Task that will be for such a strong Faucy as yours, that cannot conceive what your self affirm ; for when you deny it possible to suppose two Supreme Powers in one Nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before ; for you confess the King to be Supreme, when you say, very elegantly, he made Head against the Parliament, who acknowledg'd him to be Head thereof, and yet you say the Parliament is the Supreme Authority of the Nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impossible to imagine.

But such lucky Contradictions of your self, as well as Sense, are as familiar with you as Railing, for besides the many before-mentioned, and your common Incongruities of Speech, is as far from Construction, as the Purpose : There are others which, for your Encouragement, ought not to be omitted ; and when you would prove the King the most abominable Tyrant that ever People suffered under, yet

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you say he was beloved of some, and feared abroad : His Judges you compared to the Saints fitting in Judgment at the last Day, and yet, by your own Doctrine, they are more like Bears and Wolves, in sitting by a Commission of Force ; their High Court is a Royal Palace of the Principles of Freedom, and yet, till the People voluntarily submit to a Government, (which they never did to that) they were but Slaves. The Parliament (you say) Petitioned the King, as good Subjects, and yet, immediately after, you make them his Lords, and himself Servants ; so they give him the Honour of his own Royal Assent, and yet they often Petitioned him for it. His Trial you call most impartial, and yet cannot deny all his Judges to be Parties, and his profest Enemies. But you hit pretty right, when you say he caused more Protestant Blood to be shed than ever was spilt either by *Rome*, Heathen or Antichristian ; for grant that partly to be true, and confess as much Protestant Blood as ever was spilt by the Heathen *Romans*, unless they could kill Protestants eight hundred Years before there were any in the World ; which elo-

quent

quent piece of Nonsense we must impute to your Ignorance in Chronology, or Confusion of Notion, which you please. Nor are those Riddles of Contradiction only in your Words, but in the whole Course of your Proceedings, for you never do the King any Right, but where you do him the greatest Wrong ; and are there only Rational, where you are most inhuman ; as in your additional Accusations, since his Death, for there you undertake to prove something, and give your Reasons (such as they are) to make it appear, which were fair Play, if you do not take an Advantage too unreasonable, to argue with the Dead. But your other Impeachments consist only of Generals, prove nothing, or Intentions, which can never be proved, or your own forc'd Constructions of Actions, or what might have been Actions, but never were ; all which you only aggravate with Impertinency and foul Language, but never undertake to prove ; and if we should grant all you would say, and suppose you said it in sense or order, it would serve you to no purpose, unless you have, by Proof or Argument, applied it to him, which you never went about to do. But

But if this were the worst, you might be born with, as a thing more becoming the Contempt, than the Anger of Men ; but who can preserve any Patience, that does but think upon that Prodigy of your Injustice, as well as Inhumanity, to accuse the King; after his Death, of what you were ashamed to charge him with, when alive ? For what you say concerning the Death of King James, you will become the Scorn of your own Party, for they never us'd it farther than they found it of advantage to some Design they had in Hand ; as when they would move the King to grant their Propositions, they made it serve for an Argument to him ; if he would Sign, he should be still their *Gracious King*, if not, *be killed his Father*. But when they found he wou'd not be convinced with such Logick, they laid it utterly aside, for (without doubt) they had not lost an Advantage so useful as they might have made it in the Charge, had they not known it would have cost them more Impudence to maintain, than they should need to use in proceeding without it ; but let us consider your Student's Might, with which you

you first say you are satisfied, and yet after have it as a Riddle. First, he was observed to hate the Duke, but instantly, upon the Death of King James, took him into his special Grace and Favour, of which you conceive this Art must be the Cause. Believe me, your Conjecture is contrary to all Experience, and the common manner of Princes, who use to love the Treason, but hate the Traytor ; and if he had been so politick a Tyrant, as you would describe him, he would never believe his Life safe, nor his Kingdom his own, while any Man lived, (much less his Enemy, whom such a King would never trust) of whose Gift and Secrecy he held them both ; nor is it likely that he, who would not spare the Life of his Father to gain a Kingdom, should spare the Life of his Enemy to secure it. As for his dissolving the Parliament, I believe not only all Wise Men, but all that ever heard of this will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the Duke's Impeachment, you cannot prove ; but if you could, you must consider, that in such Cases, Princes may as well protect their Favourites from Injury as Justice, since no Innocence

cence can serve them, if they lie as open to the Question, as they do to the Envy of Men.

But for the better Satisfaction of those you appeal to, I shall add this: It is most certain, that this Humour of Innovation began to stir in the first Parliament of this King, and grow to an Itch in the Commons for the Alteration of Government; to which end they first resolved to pull down the chief Instrument thereof, the Duke of Buckingham: But having then no Scotch Army, nor Act of Continuance, to assure their Sitting, all the Wit of Malice could never invent more politick Coarse than to Impeach him, and put this Article (true or false) into his Charge; for thus they were not only sure of the Affections of the People, who (out of the common Fate of Favourites) generally hated the Duke, and are always pleased with the Ruin of their Superiors, but secured from the King's Interposition, whom they believed, by this means, bound up from protecting the Duke, (tho' he knew his Innocency) lest the Envy and Fancy of all should fall upon himself; but the King, who understood their Meaning, and knew this was but in order to their

further Attempts, (which always begin with such Sacrifices) suddenly dissolved the Parliament, and, by his Wisdom and Policy, kept that Calamity Sixteen Years after from the People, which the very same Courses and Fate of these unhappy Times, have since brought upon them. But you have taken more Pains to prove him Guilty, since his Death, of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little Reason or Ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the Beginning, and tell us what Judgment and Conscience we are to expect from you, when you say, as a ground of all your Proofs, If you meet a Man running down Stairs, with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and find a Man stabbed in the Chamber, though you did not see this Man run into the Body by that Man which you met, yet if you were of the Jury, you durst not but find him guilty of the Murther. I hope not, before you know whether the man killed were sent by the King to fetch the Man you met, for then you may say it must be in his own Defence: Truly you are a subtle Enquirer, but let us hear some of the clear Proofs; First, He durst never de-

say it absolutely ; besides the notorious Falshood of that, it is most senseless to imagin, that he who had wickedness enough to commit so horrid an Act, should have the innocent Modesty not to deny it, when he durst not own it. He sent Thanks to *Muskerry* and *Plunket*, by *Ormond*, which you are confident his height of Spirit would never have done, if he had not been as guilty as themselves ; and may not *Ormond*, that carried the Thanks, be, by the same Reason, as well proved guilty as the King ? What's next, If he had not been guilty, he would have made a thousand Declarations, and have sent to all Princes in the World for Assistance against such Hell bounds and Blood-bounds, &c. That was impossible to be done, without sending to the Pope, and then you would have proved it clearly indeed. But the Copy of his Commission to the *Irish* Rebels, is in the Hands of the Parliament. 'Tis most certain they never believed it themselves, else it had not been omitted in the Charge. But now for an Argument to the purpose ; after the *Irish* were proclaimed Traytors and Rebels by the King, their General Council

made an Oath to bear true and faithful Allegiance to King Charles, and by all means to maintain his Royal Prerogatiye, against the *Puritans* in the Parliament of *England*; which they would never have done, unless he had commanded or consented to the Rebellion: But observe then what will follow; after the two Houses at *Westminster* were proclaimed Rebels and Traytors by the King, they made a solemn Covenant to defend his Royal Person, Rights and Dignities, against all Oppositors whatsoever, and therefore by the same Reason he did command or consent to the War raised by the Parliament against himself. But did they not say they had his Commission, and call themselves the King and Queen's Armies? But then, you forgot who they were that said so, Hell-bounds, and Blood-hounds, Fiends and Firebrands, and Bloody Devils, not to be named without Fire and Brimstone; do you think such are not to be believ'd, (especially when they speak for their own Advantage) rather than the People of God, the faithful of the Land at *Westminster*, who likewise, when they raised Forces, said, they did it for the King.

King and Parliament? Can any man in his Wits deny but the King is to be believed before either of these? And yet you cannot be perswaded, but his Offer to go in Person to suppress the Rebellion, was a design to return at the Head of 20 or 30000 Rebels to have destroyed this Nation. That's very strange! but first, how shall we believe what you say before, (to shew your Breeding?) Never was Bear so unwillingly brought to the Stake, as he to declare against the Rebels, if he offered to adventure his Person to suppress them: When you made this agree in Sense, let us know how you can suppose the same Person, the wisest King in Christendom, and yet so foolish to study his own Destruction; for who could suffer so much in the Ruin of this Nation as himself? For his hindering the Earl of *Leicester's* going into *Ireland*, he had much more Reason to do so, than the Parliament had to hinder him; and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the Rebellion.

That they sold or exchanged, for Arms and Ammunition, the Cloath and Provisions sent by the Parliament to

the Protestants in *Ireland*, you must either accuse the Parliament, which seiz'd upon his Arms first, and used them against him, or prove them above the Law of Nature, (which I believe you had rather do) that commands every Man to defend himself. But the Rebels in *Ireland* gave Letters of Mart for taking the Parliament's Ships, but freed the King's as their very good Friends. I see you are not such a Wizard at Designs as you pretend to be ; for if this be the deepest Reach of your Subtilty, had you been a Senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the Country of the *Roman* Dictator, you would have spared no longer to prove him Confederate with the Enemy. But I fear I may seem as vain as your self in repeating your Impertinencies. There is one Argument that might have serv'd instead of all, to convince you of Wickedness and Folly in this Busines, and that is the Silence of the Charge, which (by your own Rule, ought to be taken *pro confesso*) there was never any such thing.

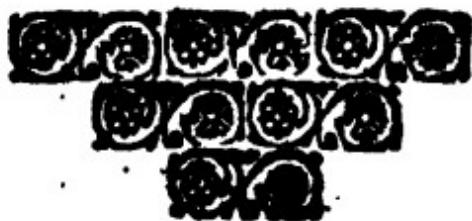
I will not trouble my self nor many Body with your *French Legend*, as be-

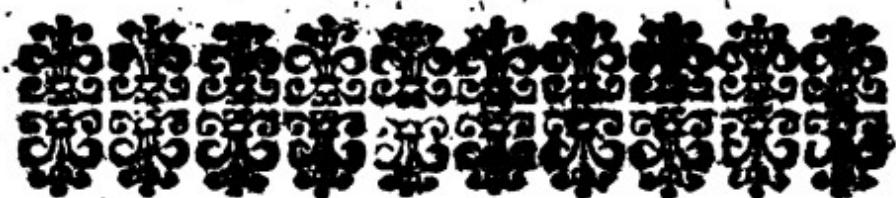
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ing too inconsiderable to deserve any serious Notice, built only upon Relations and Hear-says, and proved with your own Conjectures ; which, how far we are to credit, from a Man of so much Bias and Mistakes, any of those you appeal to shall determine ; to whom I shall say but this, that you do but acknowledge the Injustice of the Sentence, while you strive to make it good with such Additions ; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken so much Pains to mend it : And I hope your High Court will punish you for it, whose Reputation your officious Indiscretion hath much impaired to no purpose : For tho' we should grant all your Additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all justify the King's Death, since he did not die in relation to any thing there objected ; and all you can possibly aim at by this pitiful Argument, is but to prove him Guilty, because he was Punished ; for you can never prove him punished because he was Guilty.

For your Epilogue, I have so much Charity to believe it (being of a different Thread of Language) none of your

own ; but either penn'd for you by your musty Peters, or else you writ Short-hand very well to copy after the Speech of his Tongue. However you came by it, fare I am, it could come from no Body else ; and having said so, I hope I shall need say no more ; for I shall be loath to commit the Sin of repeating any of it : But since 'tis but a Frippery of common places of Pulpit Railing, ill put together, that pretend only to Passion, I am content you should use them your self, and be allowed to say any thing with as little regard as if you wore your Privilege : Yet lest you should grow so conceited as to believe your self, I will take Solomon's Advice, and answer you not in your own way of Railing or Falshood, but in doing some Right to Truth and the Memory of the Dead, which you havt equally injured.





THE CHARACTER OF King CHARLES I.

By MR. BUTLER.

THAT he was a Prince of incomparable Vertues his very Enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their purpose) and chose so emblemish'd with any personal Vice, that they were fain to abuse the Security of his Innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His Moderation (which he preserved equal in the Extremity of both Fortunes) they made a common Disguise for their contrary Impalations, as they had occasion to miscall it, either an Ease ness to be inflicted by others, or Obstinacy to rule by his own Will.

This

This Temper of his was so admirable, that neither the highest of Temptations, Adoration and Flattery, nor the lowest of Misery, Injuries, the Insolency of Fools, could move him. His Constancy to his own Vertues was no mean Cause of his Undoing; for if he had not stated the Principle's of Government upon unalterable Right, but could have shifted his Sails to catch the popular Air when it grew high (as his Enemies did) they had never undone him with empty Pretendings to what he really meant. His Wisdom and Knowledge were of so noble a Capacity, that nothing lay so much out of his Reach, as the profound Wickedness of his Enemies, which his own Goodness would never give him leave to suspect, nor his experienc'd Power to discover; for they managed the whole Course of his Ruin, as they did the last Act of it, in Disguise; else so great a Wit as his had never been circumvented by the Treachery and Cheat, rather than Policy of ignorant Persons. All he wanted of a King was, he knew not how to dissemble, unless concealing his own Perfections were so; in which he only deceived his People, who knew not his great Abilities, till their Sins were punished.

nished with the Loss of him. In his Death, he not only out-did the high Resolution of the ancient Romans, but the humble Patience of the Primitive Martyrs ; so far from the manner of Tyrants, who use to wish all the World their Funeral Pile, that he employed the Care of his last Thoughts about the Safety of his very Enemies, and died not only consulting, but praying for the Preservation of those whom he knew resolv'd to have none, but what was built upon their own Destruction.

All this, and much more, the Justice of Posterity (when Faction and Concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true of him, than any of those Slanders you (or the mad Wickedness of this Age) have thrown upon his Memory, which shall then, like Dung cast at the Roots of Trees, but make his Name more flourishing and glorious ; when all those Monuments of Infamy you have raised, shall become the Trophies of his Virtue, and your own Shame. In the mean time, as your own Conscience, or the Expectation of Divine Vengeance, shall call upon you, you will see

See what you have done, and find there is no Murther so horrid, as that which is committed with the Sword of Justice; nor any Injustice so notorious, as that which takes Advantage both of the first Silence of the Living, and that of the Dead: In this last, you have been very sinful, and, in accusing the Dead, have not behaved yourself so like a Saint at the Day of Judgment, as the Devil, whose Office is to be Solicitor-General in such Cases. I will not judge you, lest I should do worse, imitate you. But certainly you will find it the worst Kind of Witchcraft, to raise the Devil by sacrificing to your own Malice, especially to so bad a purpose as you have done, that you might invade the Judgment-Seat of Christ, and usurp his Jurisdiction before his Coming, which you have presumed to do with more Rudeness than Hackes used, and less Formality in not sending your Fore-runner to proclaim (in a Turnep-Cart) your Coming to Judgment. But the worst of all is, you seem to glory in your Sins, and assert the Martyrdom of your Wickedness, for having supposed a Possibility you may fall by the Hands of Violence:

Yon-

You arm yourself with a forc'd Resolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of ; for you have no reason to think any Man can believe you have deserved a violent Death ; no, you have deserved rather to live long ; so long, till you see yourself become the Controversie of wild Beasts, and be fain to prove our Scare-crow. Unless you shall think it just, that as you have been condemned out of your own Mouth, so you should fall by your own Hand. Indeed there was not a Hangman bad enough for *Judas*, but himself, and when you shall think fit to do your self so much Right, you shall be your own Sooth-sayer, and fall by the Hand of a *Raviliac*, to whom with more Likeness compare your self, than to *Henry IV.* for you are no King. What *Raviliac* was is very well known ; what you are, I leave to your own Conscience.



A

Thought upon Death,
After hearing of the Murder of
King CHARLES I.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE Glories of our Birth and
State.

Are Shadows, not substantial
(Things:

There is no Armour against Fate,
Death lays his Icy Hands on Kings.

Scepter and Crown

Must tumble down,

And in the Dust be equal laid,
With the poor crooked Scythe and
(spade
Scythe

Some Men with Swords may reap the
(Field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill,
But their strong Nerves at last must
(yield,
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late,
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring
(Breath,
Whilst the pale Captive yields to
(Death.

The Garlands wither on your Brow,
Then boast no more your mighty
(Deeds,
Upon Death's purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds.
All Heads must come
To the cold Tomb ;
Only the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.



Good Advice in Bad Times.

ROwze up, Great *Charles*! Thy
Courage show,
Or Faction soon will bring Thee low :
Some must be Banish'd, others Swing,
Or Thou must cease to be a King.
No credit give to Villain *Oats*,
Be not amas'd with Popish Plots ;
No Foregin Troops of Pilgrims fear,
Nor Popish Armies in the Air ;
But guard thy Throne against the base
Designs of those that boast of Grace,
And plead thereby, as Times go now,
A better Right to Rule than Thou.

Take care of Tony and his Party,
They are the Rogues that mean to hurt
(thee-

The Tories love thee and obey thee,
None but the Rebel Whigs betray thee,
The stubborn wicked Spawn of those
That struggl'd for the Good Old Cause,
Till they thy Royal Sire subdued,
And in his blood their Hands imbrû'd ;
These are the only Snakes that sting'
(thee-

And if not crush'd will soon unking
thee,) For thou hast warm'd them till they
(bite thee,

The way they always will requite thee,
Therefore look round thy Court, good
(Prince,

And banish all such Serpents thence.
Mercy, that Attribute divine,
Hath been thy Fathers fault and thine ;
His Clemency and Goodness cost
Himself and Subjects all they lost ;
And thine, if thou wilt still restrain
Thy Justice, will abridge thy Reign ;
For

For Whigs believe that Mercy springs
Alone from Cowardise in Kings ;
And therefore but insult the more,
When Priaces moderate their Pow'r.

Banish thy spurious Son the Land,
Let him no more thy Troops command ;
Withdraw thy fondnes from the Fool,
Thy Darling, but the Party's Tool ;
A Fencing, Riding, Cringing Thing,
That courts the mob to make him King,
An empty, dancing, fiery Bauble,
Ador'd by Strumpets and the Rabble ;
The Ladies Idol at a Ball,
The Stallion of thy Court *Whitehall* ;
Who got, great *Charles*, by thee, retains
Thy princely lust, but wants thy brains,
Which makes some think when you
(contented)
His Mother, that your Head dissented,
And that's the Cause the Foppish Ape
Has nothing of thee but thy Shape.

Beware

Beware of those that serve the Crown,
And yet in publick cry thee down,
Who sneak and fawn about thy persons,
But tamper with thy foolish Whoreson,
And by false Arguments ensnare
The Youth to think he is thy Heir,
When thou thyself must own ther's one
Much nearer than a Bastard Son.
Therefore, if thou art wise, in spight
Of Whigs, assert thy B——'s Right,
For if thou dost their Humours please,
They'll question thine as well as his.
Be watchful of the Factious City,
Who hate thee, tho' they often treat
(thee.

Hug close their Wives, get loyal Heirs,
For Sheriffs, Aldermen, and May'rs;
Make Cuckolds of the wealthy Crew,
And, like Sir *Robert*, Knight them too.
Thus kiss their Ladies, like a King,
And keep 'em poor by borrowing;

A speedier Way to raise Supplies,
Than all thy Council can advise,
Now Faction rule the Commons House;
And swear they'll give thee not a Soule
Cause Portsmouth sends o'r Guinea Pies
To France, or else the Publick lies:
And Nelly lives in greater State,
Than thy own Royal Confort Kate.
Therefore, Great Charles! if thou
would'st please
Thy Foes, turn off thy Mistresses,
And then the Parliament, they say,
Will grant thee Sums without delay.
But sure thy Wisdom must fore-know,
That if you condescend so low,
To Live or Reign as they would have
(thee,
They'd make such Laws as should en-
slave thee;
Still keep thee poor, be finding fan't;
Complain, but give thee not a Groat;
Be therefore careful how you grant
Too large Concessions in your Want;

No Branch of Royal Power sell,
 Give 'em an Inch they'll take an Ell.
 Thou know'st they only want to bring
 (thes)

To what will ruin and unking thee ;
 And then thou'l't, like thy Father, find
 The sad Effects of being kind
 To Faction, who intend no other
 Than to destroy thee and thy Brother.
 Since these are the Rebellious Drifts
 Of those that put thee to thy Shifts,
 Exert thy Power deriv'd of God,
 And make them tremble at thy Nod ;
 Boldly assert thy Right Divine,
 And lop those Heads that aim at thine,
 Or thou wilt find the Sons of those
 That were thy Father's restless Foes
 Will to Destruction drive or lead thee,
 And all the Snorts that succeed thee ;
 For Root and Branch Work is their
 Aim
 Which they'll compleat, unless the
 Severity be us'd with them. (same)
 Then

GOOD ADVICE, &c.

Then learn of Harry to chaste
Thy stubborn factious Enemies,
And keep thy P-----s in Awe,
With Stamp of Foot and Threatning

Flame.

Or else the C----s will in Time
Above their Royal Sov'reign climb :
And *England* boast, when thou'rt un-
done,
Five Hundred Kings instead of one.



THE



THE
CHARACTER
OF A
FANATICK.

IN London Streets is often seen
A Hum-drum Saint whose Holy
(Mein)
Denotes the proud Enthusiaſtick
To be Religiously Fantastick ;

His

His Looks most primitively wear
An ancient Abrahamick Ayre ;
And, like bad Copies of a Face,
The good Original disgrace :
A Hawks-bill Nose divides his Cheeks,
And tunes his Cant whene'er he speaks,
Whilst on his Breast one Hand he lays,
That Fools may credit what he says ;
Tho' Int'rest always bribes his Tongue,
To represent Things right or wrong,
And is the Loadstone that attracts
The Saint to all he speaks or acts.
As Beauty draws the am'rous Youth,
To swear repugnant to the Truth,
And, Zealot like, to grace his Lyes
With upcast Looks and feigned Sighs.

His Head stands mounted on a Neck
As stubborn as a Post or Stake,
That will not suff'r 'im to bow down
To Altar, Mitre, or the Crown,

Affirming stiffly, they're no more
 Than Trappings of the Scarlet Whore:
 Yet has a Joint that always bends,
 When 'tis to gain his own bie Ends.
 Thus when there's nothing to be got,
 Submission is a deadly Fau't;
 But upon e'ry new occasion,
 When Int'rest is the grand temptation
 Then Conscience gives a dispensation.

His Coat, whose Colour is most grave,
 Yet carries in its Sleeve a Knave;
 Tho' new, derives its ancient Fashion
 From good old Times of Reformation,
 When Blunderbus and Basket-Hilt
 More Blood than Fire and Faggot spilt;
 And Zealots, by Dissention Civil
 Got th'upper-hand of Pope and Devil.
 His Hat, whose Paint-house Brims secure
 His formal Weeds from rainy Show'r,
 Hangs on his *Occiput* most quaintly,
 To make the Knave appear more saintly,

And from the sight of Back Beholders,
Skreens his long Neck and stooping
(Shoulders.

His Hair in greasy Locks hangs down
As strait as Candles, from his Crown,
And shades the Borders of his Face,
Whose outwards Signs of inward Grace
Are only visible in spighful
Grimaces very stern; and frightful;
As if he thought no Man could be
A zealous Foe to Popery,
Except his Looks declare his Malice
To Altar, Candlesticks and Chalice.

The Band he wears is very broad,
Exceeding far the common Mode,
Just such as Kniperdolin wore
On Doublet-Collar heretofore,
When e'ry Madman that could cant
Of Saving-Grace, was thought a Saint,
Provided he could cry aloud
But Reformation to the Crowd,

That some Arch Villain by his Craft,
 Like Nat, might raise himself aloft,
 And under that deceitful Curse
 Of mending, make all Matters worse ;
 As Tinkers, when they undertake
 To stop one Hole, two bigger make.
 That e'ry piece of Work may end
 In something that is new to mend.

His Head is full of Fears and Fictions,
 His Conscience form'd of Contradictions,
 Is therefore never long content
 With any Church or Government,
 But fancies e'ry thing that is,
 For want of mending, much amiss.
 So consequentially would vary
 All things to something quite contrary,
 As if he thinks, whate'er we crave
 Is better far than what we have ;
 And therefore still is disagreeing
 With e'ry thing that is in being.

Thus, like the Moon that's always
 (ranging,
 Seems destin'd to perpetual changing,
 And restless as the sublune Tide,
 In crooked Channels loves to glide.

His stubborn Pride and zealous Folly
 Arise from Temper melancholy,
 Which in his Looks imprint a Sadness,
 That shews him near ally'd to Madnes:
 Therefore he does not chuse or cull
 His Faith by any Scripture Rule ;
 But by the Vapours that torment
 His Brains, from Hypocondria sent,
 Which into Dreams and Visions turn,
 And make his Zeal so fiercely burn,
 That Reason loses the ascendant,
 And all within grows independant.
So when the Lees of Ale or Wine
Condense below, the Liquor's fine ;

But when the nauseous Dregs break
(loose)

They sour and spoil the noble Justice.

The quaint Deportment of the Knave
Is always wonderfully grave,
And e'ry Sentence that he says
Digested into Scripture Phrase :
His Actions so demure, as if
To be a Saint was to be stiff,
And that Religion must agree
The best with dull Formality.
Regeneration, Reprobation,
Election and Predestination,
Are the chief Points on which he cantos
When mix'd among his Brother Saints,
In which Fanatical Discourses,
He summons all his Scripture Forces,
To prove all such as do accord
With him the Chosen of the Lord ;
But that the Papists are accurs'd
Tis plain in *Canticles* the first ;

Therefore he joins their Holy Father
The Pope and Dev'l so close together,
That both may equal Terror strike,
And by the Saints be fear'd alike.

His Christian Charity is such,
He ne'er thinks what he gives too much,
'Tis plain, because he ne'er is known
To give one Farthing of his own;
Therefore as nothing is no Charge,
It can't be thought a Gift too large.
His Dealings are so just and plain
He never cheats but when he can;
And where he finds he cannot bite ye,
He'll prove too honest to outwit ye:
But if your Judgment you postpone,
And to his Conscience trust alone,
No human Justice will he do,
But use you worse than Turk or Jew,
Yet Vow, Protest, and Scripture plead,
As if he was a Saint indeed.

Such

Such are that old Fanatick Strain
Of Whigs that envy *Charles's Reign*,
Insatiate Rebels, whom no Law
Can govern, or good Monarch awe ;
A stubborn restless Generation ,
O'ercome with Dogstar Zeal and Passion
Impatient of the highest Place,
To which they plead a Right by Grace.
Cruel in Pow'r, and restless out,
When most Rebellious most devout.
Making Religion a Disguise,
Or Cloak to all their Villainies ;
As if they thought the same design'd
For nothing but a Holy Blind ;
Therefore like Harlots seldom use it,
Except to shame it and abuse it.
From such implacable Tormentors,
Fanaticks, Hypocrites, Dissenters,

Whigs, Roundheads, call 'em what you

(please

I say, from Rebels such as these,
May God preserve the Church and
Throne,

And *Charles the Wise* that sits thereon :
Nor may their Plots exclude his Heirs
From Reigning when the Right is theirs,
But may the *Stuarts* trample down
Those Enemies to Church and Crown ;
For should the Foot the Head command,
And Faction gain the upper hand,
We must expect a ruin'd Land.



The



The Morning's Salutation :
OR, A
Friendly Conference
Between a
*Puritan Preacher and a Family
of his Flock, upon the 30th of
January.*

By Mr. BUTLER.

Preacher.

GOOD Morrow to thee : how dost do ?
I only just call'd in to shew
My Love, upon this blessed Day,
As I, by chance, came by this way.
Grace, Peace, and Faith be unto thee,
And all this chosen Family,

I 5.

Husband

178 *A CONFERENCE between a*
Husband.

My Soul does very much rejoice
To see thee, and to hear thy Voice :
I bless the Lord to find thee thus
Abound in Health as well as us,
And hope thou art dispos'd to stay
A while and comfort us this Day.

Preacher.

I think I shall not stay to dine,
But the Lord's Will be done, not mine.
Where's thy good Wife ? Methinks I want
To see her, she's a pious Saint ;
In Wedlock thou art truly blest.
Of Women she's the very best.
Pray let her know that I am here,
And tell her I desire to see her.

Husband.

The Lord preserve her ! here she comes,
Sh'as just been sweeping out her Rooms,
You must excuse her Huzziff's Dress,
She's always doing, I profess.

Tom

Wife.

I'm very happy, worthy Sir,
 To see so great a Stranger here.
 I hope good Madam *Cant* is well,
 And pritty Mrs. *Abigail*.
 Dear Sir, I wish I could have seen
 Them here, how bless'd should I have
(been;
 Tho' I'm alham'd, I must confess,
 T'appear in such a homely Dress.

Preacher.

Thou'rt a good Woman, thou haft Grace
 That best adorns a beauteous Face;
 I think thy Weeds become thee well,
 Thou wouldst not dress like *Jezebel*
 To tell the truth, I've seldom seen
 A Wife more lovely or more clean.
 Give me thy Hand, thou fruitfull Bride;
 The Lord at all times be thy Guide:
 How do thy little Comforts fare,
 Those tender Twigs, their Parents Care?
 Pray,

180 A CONFERENCE between a
Pray call 'em hither, let me bless
Those pretty hopeful Babes of Grace.

Wife.

Here, *Aram*, come, my little Saint,
Where's your low Bow to Mr. *Cant*?
Daughter! Where art? Come hither *Ruth*:
Fie, pull your Fingers from your Mouth.
Look up, my Dear, hold up your Head.
Where's your fine Curtesy? There's my
(Maid.

Preacher.

Lord sanctify these Lambs, and grant
That they thy Graces may never want:
Shew 'em thy way, that they may be
A Comfort to thy Spouse and thee;
The Lord sufficiently hath shew'd
His Love to both in such a Brood.
May they still greater Blessings grow
To thee that brought 'em forth in woe,
And as their Years encrease, inherit
A double portion of the Spirit.

Wife

Wife.

Thanks to you, rev'rend Sir, may Heaven
 Reward the Blessing you have given.
 Rebecca, take my Closet Key
 And fetch that Bottle unto me
 Thy Master brought me home last Night
 For Palm, and said he knew'twas right ;
 And with the Bottle pray bring in
 A Glass. Take care you wash it clean.

Preacher.

I hope thou dost not think that I
 Drink Wine, except I'm sick or dry ;
 I ne'er take any thing that's strong,
 One Glass I fear will do me wrong.
 E'en let it rest upon the Shelf,
 Thou'dst better keep it for thy self.

Wife.

Good Sir, vouchsafe, at my request,
 To drink this Glass, 'tis but a taste,
 It holds but half a Pint at most,
 Will you be pleas'd to have a Toast ?

Preacher.

Preacher.

No, by no means, if I must take
 So large a Dose, 'tis for thy sake.
 Good Lord give thou a Blessing to it,
 That when it's down I may not rue it.
 Well, 'tis exceeding good indeed,
 I wish it mayn't offend my Head.
 May'st thee, at all times, for thy ease,
 Abound in Comforts, such as these.
 'Tis a prime Cordial, I protest,
 This ought not to be drank in waste.

Husband.

Alas, one Glass, Sir, will not warm ye,
 I'm sure a second cannot harm ye;
 Cold Weather does strong Wine require,
 Fill out, my Dear, —— A little higher,
 Pray give the Glass to Mr. *Cant*,
 So long a Walk may make him faint.

Preacher.

Thou best of all good Women! hold
 Thy Hand, consider I am old!

Thou

Thou art too bountiful, I vow,
 Thy Love is too abounding now.
 Lord sanctify this Cordial Juice,
 And make it wholesome for our use.
 Well! --- 'tis a comfortable Creature,
 In truth I think I ne'er drank better.
 I can but thank ye for your Love,
 'Tis now, I doubt, high time to move.

Wife..

Nay, Sir, I hope you'll stay and dine,
 Besides, here's almost half the Wine;
 Pray, Sir, accept before you go,
 Of t'other Glass, and don't say no.
 And if you're not engag'd elsewhere,
 You're welcome to our homely fare.

Preacher.

Thou art so kind, I needs must say,
 I scarce knew how to go or stay.
 What Diner hast thou, friendly Creature?
 Alas! I'm but a pickling Farmer.

Wife

184 A CONFERENCE between a
Wife.

I must confess we have not dress'd
What's worthy of so good a Guest;
Yet 'tis a Dish that we may say
Is suited to the present Day:
'Tis a Calf's Head, to tell you truth,
I wish such Fare may fit your Tooth.

Preacher.

Bless me, the best and only Dish,
Upon this Day, that I could wish.
No Food besides could so delight
My Eyes, and eke my Appetite.
Good pious Saints, that you should join
Your Hearts so mutually with mine.
Well, give me now the other Glass,
I see that you abound in Grace,
The Lord of Mercy and of Pow'r
Hath Blessings for such Saints in store.
I cannot bid ye now farewell,
Thy Invitation must prevail.

Methinks

Methinks from Heav'n I hear a Voice,
That bids me tarry and rejoice.

Husband.

None can more truly welcome be ;
Therefore I hope, Sir, you'll be free.
This is a Day of Joy and Mirth
Among the Saints that dwell on Earth.
This and the Fifth Day of November
We're always careful to remember.
Both which deserve the utmost rev'rence
For our remarkable Deliverance.

Preacher.

'Tis very true, we ought to praise
The Lord upon these blessed Days,
And typify the Fall of him
That caus'd the Land in Blood to swim,
So good a Dish, on such a Day !
What Christian can refuse to stay.
But tho' I tarry here to dine,
Pray do not send for any Wine.

Hus-

Husband.

'A little, Sir,—Wife send the Maid
 For two of Palm and two of Red :
 This Day we always drink, you know,
 To th' Pious Hand that gave the Blow.'

Preacher.

The Lord direct thee ! Prithee do
 What thy own Mind inclines thee to ;
 But I must crave thy leave to light
 One Pipe to whet my Appetite.
 When that is done we'll shut the Door,
 And praise the L—d for half an Hour.



T W O
LETTERS.

By SAMUEL BUTLER, Author
of HUDIBRASS.

John Audland's
LETTER
TO
WILLIAM PRYNNE.

William Prynne,

THOU perpetual Scribe,
Pharisee and Hypocrite,
born to the destruction
of Paper, and most unchristian
effusion of Ink ; thou Egyptian
Taskmaster of the Press, and unmerciful

ful destroyer of Goose-Quills, that dost plunder and strip thy poor kindred naked to the Skin, to maintain thyself in a tyrannical and arbitrary way of Scribbling against thy Brethren, even the *Independants* and *Quakers*, over whom thou settest up thyself as an unrighteous Judge ; for a Righteous Judge hath an Ear for both Parties, and thou hast none for either. Verily, *William*, thou dost Evil, and against the Light within thee, to accuse thy Brethren of that, whereof thou art more guilty thy self ; for tho' they break an Act of Parliament, yet thou didst worse, when thou wouldest have made one thyself, after thou hadst engaged thy Faith unto the House, that thou wouldest never lift up thy Heel against them more : Truly, thou shewest thyself in this, no better than a *Few*, in throwing the first Stone at them, unless thou wert innocent thyself, and all thy Fundamental, Municipal, Common, Natural Law, will not serve to prove thee other, who hast been judged by the Laws of the Land as a Pharisee, to wear a *Philactery* in publick, and hast had thine Ears bored through, according to the *Mosaical*

saical Law: And I fear thy pretended Conversion to Christianity is but in order to something else, even as the *Mahometans* (they say) will not admit a *Jew* to turn *Turk*, unless he first become a *Christian*: And that is the reason why thou art so cruel (like a *Renegado*) to those of thine own Sect; yea, even unto those in whose *Quarrel* thou hast lost *Leather*; for as one of thy *Ears* was cut off for *Presbytery*, even so was the other for *Independency*. But now I speak of thine *Ears*, give me leave to ask thee one Question; I have heard, that those who have lost their Legs, do sometimes nevertheless feel Pains in their Toes; and I would fain know, whether toward change of Weather, thou dost not feel a kind of itching and tingling in those defunct *Parings* of thine, especially when *Presbytery* and *Government* are like to peep out again? For what else does thy railing against the *Bishops* (as well as us) hold forth, but that thou art the very same *Will. Prynne*, Utter-Barrister, that didst heretofore publish against them so many ridiculous Hat-cases and Band-boxes, in which thy Works are always bound up.

190 *The Quakers against*
up, and are to be sold on the Southside
of Paul's Church-yard, where thy Sta-
tioners live? Among those, I have seen
thy Title-pages pasted, like Mounte-
banks Bills, in which thou dost always
write *Reformation, Law, Religion, and*
Fundamental in Capital Letters, even
as those Quacks do *Pox* and *Running*
of the Reins, and both to the same pur-
pose, namely, to deceive the Reader,
and vapour of more than thou art able
to perform. But O! the Verbosey of
thy Writings! Solomon saith; *In many*
Words there is Folly; and thou hast
prov'd it true: For thou writest perpe-
tually in the Language of a *Convey-
ance*, and dost not indite, but draw;
and when thou shalt answer for every
Idle Word, all the Bills and Answers in
Chancery will rise up in Judgment a-
gainst thee. For thou usest so many
impertinent Tautologies, that thy Re-
ader can never understand what thou
meanest, unless he should take the Pains
to draw Breviates of thy senseless Re-
petitions, which is unfufferable, and
not to be endured by a Free-born Eng-
lish-man. And this serves thee to the
same purpose that Hems and Habs do
thy

thy Gifted Ghostly Fathers, that is, to lose time, and put off thy Commodity, namely, Waste-Paper, whereof thou endeavourest to obtain the *Monopoly*, and thereby undo hundreds of Families that live by writing lewd and profane Plays : for when thou hast ingraft the whole Commodity of Waste-Paper into thine own Hands, their Works will be left upon theirs ; and in this thou takest a more wise and rational Course, than thou didst heretofore in writing Indentures against them. For thou knowest not how to write in any other Strain ; and therefore to let thee see how easy it is to attain unto thy Gifts, I will now speak unto thee a few words in thine own way. Dost thou not remember, *William Prynne*, when the long Parliament, according to the ancient, known, fundamental, established Custom, Practice, Usage, Example of all Rebels, Traytors, Cades, Tylers, Straws, set open the Prisons, Goals, Dungeons, Cages, and took the Prisoners, Felons, Malefactors, Jayl-birds, into their Protection, Patronage, Safeguard, Tuition and, among others, thy self, *William Prynne* aforesaid, with

with thy Brethren, Companions, Cope-
mates, Associates, Burton, Bestwick,
Lilborn, Poe, &c. How the Saints,
Brethren, godly, well-affected, rod out
to meet thee, with the Sisters, Helpers,
Damsels, Handmaids, behind them, on
the Tail of the Beast, stuck with Anti-
christian, Superstitious, Idolatrous
Rosemary and *Bays*, to celebrate, wel-
come, and congratulate thy Remitter!
How they dawb'd, dash'd, defiled, and
polluted thee the said *William Prynne*,
with Dirt, Puddle, Greetings, Salu-
tion, that thou didst look more like
unto a Pimp, Pander, Bawd newly
Carted, than an Utter-Barrister Tri-
umphant; and with how dirty and
filthy a Grace, Fashion and Demeanor
thou didst bow, stoop, and lowt to
thine Idolaters, the Rabble - Rour
Crowd on both sides of the Street, or
Streets, who made an Idol of the *Rings*
of thine *Ears*, even as the *Jews* did of
their *Ear-Rings*. This, verily, *Willi-*
am, is thy perfect Stile, and right man-
ner of Expression, in which thou art
the freer of thy windy Stuff, because
thou comest easily by it, for thou dost
but turn over thy *Concordances*, and
the

the Indexes of thy Books, and where-soever thou findest any thing of Quake, Tremble and Shake, from the motion of the Heavens to the wagging of a Dogs-tail, thou appliest it right or wrong unto Us; and that it may seem to be to some purpose, thou dost always print it in CAPITAL LETTERS, because such were heretofore, to very good purpose, imprinted on thy Cheeks by the Ministrations of that Son of Beast, the Executioner. But I cannot understand how thou, or thy Rabble of Saints, could answer the Churches for committing the abominable Sin of Bays and Restraintless, which they had before, and have since so often condemned; for if it be Idolatrous and Superstitious (as they have determined) to stick those Creatures in the Windows of Steeple-houses, much more must it be on their own Vessels. All that they have (in my Opinion) to say for themselves, is, that they serv'd thee up (like a Westphalian Ham) with Bays, as thou art a Pagan Poet, according to the profane Custom of thy Forefathers the Heathen; tho' he that has the patience to read thy vile unpanable Pitties,

will rather take thee for an *Irish Rat*-
catcher, that is said to Rhime Vermin
to Death, than the *English Prudentius*
or *Robert Wisdom Junior*, as some of
thine own Tribe stile thee, according
to the Flesh ; for thou dost abuse Scri-
pture most unconscionably, against its
own express command, in casting Holy
Things into Doggerel, which is worse
and more abominable than unto Dogs ;
and this thou performest so dully, that
some of the *Virtues*'s have been puz-
zled to find out the reason of it, till
they were informed, that when thou
writest, thou dost use always to set a
Death's Head on the Desk before thee,
as one *Campamello* a Popish Friar is said
to have done the Pictures of those to
whom he intended to address his Wri-
tings ; and found it most certain, upon
several Experiments, that the Person to
the Resemblance of whose Countenance
he could nearest force and screw his
own, was always most pleas'd with
his Writings : And this they are confi-
dent is the natural reason why thy
Compositions are so flat and dull, that
they will hardly hold till the Ink is dry,
and when they are printed, not one of

an hundred will endure the Stitching, but turn to such homely Uses as they are most fit and proper for. Truly, *William*, if I were your Friend, I shou'd advise you to leave this freak of the Death's Head, lest the young Gentleman of the House surprise you again, (as you know they one did at Midnight) and make you drink Health's-Sicknes in it again on your bare Marrow-bones. But I wonder in what part of the World thy Readers live, if there are any such Creatures in Nature! verily, they ought to have their Shoulders grow above their Heads (like *John Mandevil's* People in *Africk*) for there is more of labour and drudgery than understanding required, and they ought to have a large measure of Patience, Long-suffering, and Ignorance, that can endure to read one Page of thine: For as in the North, the more dirty and foul the Highways are, the larger measure they allow to their Miles; even so dost thou to thy tedious dull Impertinencies, insomuch that some are of Opinion, that thy Readers ought to be dictated like Running Nags, before they can be in Breath.

to read thy longwinded Periods, which none but such as thyself will submit to; for if few Words do best with the Wise, none of those will ever endure to have any thing to do with thee. And yet I have heard, that thou dost not a little glory, that thy Works have past thro' all sorts of Times, (but only those wherein thy were refuted by the hand of thy old Antagonist the Hangman) without dispute or question. It is very true indeed, they are utterly incapable of Confutation; as some Places are rendered impregnable by their barren rocky Situations, or by being fortified with Mud-walls and Ditches. He that should venture to encounter thee at thy own Weapon, might be said to revive the old way of fighting with Sandbags, the true Types of thy dry disjointed Stuff; and beside, must of necessity cite so many several sorts of Wares from *Plumbs* and *Sugar*, to *Mundungus* and *Ratsbane*, with which thy Works are always bound up, that his Writings will be charged with Quotations, as full and dull as thine own: But since so many *Chandlers* and *Haberdashers* of small Wares have undertaken

dertaken to confute thee, and proceeded so far therein already, it were an Act of great Imprudence to take the Task out of their Hands who are best able to go through with it. And therefore I shall leave it to them to determine, whether thou hast substantially and solidly prov'd the *Quakers* to be Jesuitical Romish Capuchin Frogs, with Masks on their Faces, put on by the Jesuits and pull'd off by thee, as thou dost confidently undertake to perform in thy Title Page. Truly, *William*, I do confess those Jesuits are dangerous Fellows, thou hadst best look about thee and have a care, for it is verily believ'd by many knowing Persons, that they have always set thee on work no less than the *Independants*; and have receiv'd a better return from thy Horse-like Drudgery, tho' thou hast no more Wit to perceive than a Fool has to know by what hand it is set on work. And if they bewitched the *Quakers* (as thou dost confidently affirm) it is most certain they have drawn thee into that Feat too. For if it be true, as some carnal Learned Men aver, that Witches fetch the materials of

their Medicines from Gibbets and Pillories, the Parings of thine Ears have been among their Ingredients, and thou art guilty thereof.

But I fear I begin to be like thee, that is, tedious to no purpose, for I do not expect that any thing can do good upon thee, who hast been so often incorrigible to the Laws; for as the strength of two Men in their Wits is not sufficient to hold down and quiet one Madman, even so art thou proof against all Reason and Light, and therefore I will cast away no more upon thee, but leaving thee to thine own Darkness, with the old saying, bid thee twice Good-night.



THE
ANSWER
OF
WILLIAM PRYNNE.

John Audland,

THOU Quaking Quack, Jesuitical Romish Franciscan Frog,
see my *Quaker Unmasked*, pag. 1.
13. Thou art the Devil's Dice-Box,
which he SHAKES, Rattles, Wags, to
gull, cheat, delude, and seduce the in-
toxicated giddy-headed English Nation.
Thou art sick of thy Church, and hast
catch'd thy Religion like a Palsey, Epi-
lepsy, Ague, and art taken with Ter-
tian, Quartan, Quotidian cold Fits, at

thy Superstitious, Idolatrous Jesuitical Meetings, Assemblies, Conventicles. See my *Healths Sickness*, p. 150. *The Northern Blast*, p. 90. *The Pope crossing the Cudgels*, p. 297. Where thou say'st I have no Ears, &c. therein thou shewest that thou hast no Light, Reason, Understanding; for as a House is judged to be a House in Law as long as any part is standing; and a light Piece of Gold is good and lawful English Coin, current with Allowance, altho' it be clip'd, filed, washed or worn; even so are my Ears legal, warrantable, and sufficient Ears, and good in Law, however they have been clip'd, par'd, crop'd, circumcis'd; and I have a better Title to the Remainders than thou hast to thine, for they have been twice adjudged to me by the Laws of the Land, which thine never were. For those parcels, scraps, shreds, that I was deprived of, did but confirm my Right to those that are (see my own Abridgment at large, pag. 29. *Liste upon Gerrard*, pag. 26. *The Legality of Treason*, in two Parts, S. G. upon both, pag. 666.) left, for exceptio firmat legem in casibus non exceptis.

This shews that the Light within thee, of which thou dost vapour, brag, vaunt, and extol thyself so much, is but a kind of dusky Owl-light, a trembling twinkling, stinking Stuff, which thou carriest in thy Paunch, Guts, Bowels, as an Ox, Bull or Cow doth Tallow to make Candles of, or the Cattle of Lincolnshire do the Fewel of the Country; and thou knowest who it was that looked over Lincoln, and cried, *All's mine;* as he will in time do over ye Quakers, Frogs, Vipers. See my *Hidden Works of Darkness*, pag. 400. *A Looking Glass for a blind Guide*, p. 79. *Fryers a Fry of Frogs*, p. 220, &c.

Whereas thou sayest, urgest and objectest, that I would have made an *Act of Parliament*, therein thou art mistaken, deceived and deluded, for I would rather have marred, spoiled and perverted one according to the Sense, Judgment, and Opinion of the House, (and *cujus est interpretari cuius est condere*; see *Bracton*) by putting in, adding and inserting some thing or things of my own Invention, Wit, Contrivance, that had not passed their Votes; and putting out, erasing, and expunging other things, which

which had; which cannot be said, held, or judged to be a Breach of Law, because it was before it was made, one, and if it had been so, yet it would have proved no great Crime, Fault, Offence, for exchange (shot, knowest) is no robbery. See *The Foot-cut of the State*, pag. 53. *Prynne's Principles*, p. 200. which is more than you can say, produce, or alledge for yourselves, who are a Generation, Spawh, Litter of Vipers, Frogs, Serpents; so obstinate, peremptory, incorrigible, that you break the Act of Parliament, at the same time that it is put in execution against you, like unto a Cut-purse that picks a Pocket when he is going to be hang'd; for you crowd, thrust and intrude yourselves into Prisons by shoals, that you may, in defiance of Law, Government, Authority, meet more than five together, although it be in the Goal. See my *Sword of Christian Magistracy suppressed*, p. 550. *The Sectary dissected*, p. 82.

Whereas thou say'st, I write in the Style, Form, Language of a Conveyance, therein I do according to my Profession, Calling, Vocation; and if thou hadst done so too, thou hadst been bar-
ii. ii. v a

a Mechanick still; and hadst not ordain'd thyself a Hedge-Sir John, of an orderless Order and unruly Rule, the Original, Rise or Beginning whereof is as uncertain as the Head or Heads of Nile, or the hatching of Woodcocks, for no body can tell from whence it came (See *Truth triumphing*, pag. 79. *The Jesuit & Febusire*, p. 904.) a Church, or rather Chappel indeed, that is built upon a Quaking Bog, (mark that) or flat Quicksand, without Superior or Inferior in it, like the Knights of King Arthur's (See the *Seven Champions of Christendom*) Round Table; or the Serpent *Amphisbæna* (of which see *Pliny*) that has a Head at both ends.

Mahomet, the false Prophet of the Turks, was the first Prophet, Patriarch, Founder of the Quakers: For he had trembling Trances, and frantick Fits of the *Falling-sickness*, in which he had Revelations, Dreams, Visions, whisper'd into his Ear by a Dove, Pidgeon, or Widgeon, that he had instructed and taught, used to pick Seeds out of his Ear or Ears; which Seeds are the Seeds of your Church as well as his, for they practice the very same Fruits, Effects,

Work-

Workings in both, and both equally hope to be saved by him.. And hence it is, that all your Wishes, Longings, Desires, are in the *Turks* over-running of Christendom ; for as both they and you account Fools, Idiots, Madmen, Saints, you do not doubt but to pass easily for such with them, for your great Abilities in those Gifts. And therefore as your Brethren, the aforesaid *Turkish Mahometan Fanatics*, devote, destine, damn themselves to destruction, meerly to tire, weary, make work for, and put a stop to the Christians in their Wars ; and fill up Ditches, Grafts, Trenches with their Bodies, Carcasses, outward Men for their fellow Mussel-men to march over ; even ye also think to weary out the Officers of Justice, with your numberless Numbers, and render yourselves as hard to be cast out as Legion the Devil incorporate did, of whom ye are a Type. See *The Stationers Beacon fired*, 1200. *The Sectary in Sippets*, p. 202.

By all which it appears, that ye have a *Turk* as well as a *Pope* in your Bellies, and that ye delight in Persecution, in Affliction, Tribulation, as fome other ex-

travagant fantastick Fornicators find a Pleasure in being whip'd; and out of these Sores ingender one another, by equivocal Generation, as Flies blow Maggots, which afterwards become Flies and blow others. See my *Rome's Masterpiece*, p. 808. *Sectile-brain for a Sectary*, p. 9. *A Syringe for a sore Sinner*, p. 78.

That you are jesuitical, Romish, Franciscan Frogs, Witches, Sorcerers, appears in that ye meet to quake, tremble, quiver, and converse with your Spirits, Imps, Familiars, and that ye came from Rome out of the North, from whence Evil and Destruction cometh, as I have proved, cleared, demonstrated, and evinced in my *Quaker Unmask'd*, p. 84. *Lights Darkness*, p. 26. For as the Needle in the Mariner's Compass Trembles, (mark that) and points to the North, even so do ye, ye trembling, quivering, shivering Quakers. And as Witches are most frequent in the North, and the colder the Climate is, the apter are the Inhabitants thereof (see my first *Answer to thyself*) to quake, &c. it follows, that Quakers and Witches are of the growth of the same

same place, and both of the same Nature, Quality and Condition: For as Witches swim upon the Water like light Scum, even so are Quakers the Scum of the Earth, that shake themselves like Water-Dogs when they come out of a Pond. See my Popish Royal Favourite, p. 800. Seven Sips of Soul-savingness, p. 53. Lastly, As Witches liquor their Graves and fly through the Air, even so do Quakers liquor their Throats with enchanted Potions, and gape to suck in the Air that it may fly through them, and blow the Light within them, (See Ennott and Gilpin, p. 7. Aldermanbury Battle opened, p. 10,) at their Exorcisms rather than Exercises of Devotion.

Whereas thou say'st I was branded,
burnt, or stigmatiz'd in the Cheek, 'tis
true, I was so, nor am I at all ashaim'd
of, sorry for, or abashed thereat, but
rather set a greater value on my self.
therefore, as I believe I have very good
cause, consideration to do, for I was
only us'd like a sealed Measure, burnt,
branded for being true. See my Verses
written on this occasion in the Tower of
London, in *hic verba*.

Of this Opinion William Prynne was the Sixth Day of March six hundred thirty
(three.

Non was it improper, unfit, or unbecoming a Man of my Profession, Cloath, Vocation, that is, to measure equal Law, Right, Justice between Man and Man. See *Truth Triumphing*, p. 10. *The Pricking Prownder of Prelaty*, p. 907.

As for the Jesuits, who then say it, made use of the Scraps of my Ears, to bewitch the Quakers, &c. If they did so, it was no fault of mine, nor am I bound to answer for it; for when the aforesaid Parings, Scraps, Shreds, were sever'd from my Freehold, they were no longer mine, nor am I to be accountable for the evil Administration of them, when they were out of my Power, Charge, Tuition. But if they had been in my own Possession, and the Jesuits had stollin them to bewitch the Quakers to listen to their Enchantments, it is not just that I should answer for their Ears and my own too. See *Speculum Inscit*, p. 93. *The Frantick Franciscan*, p. 700. *A Hole pick'd in the Pope's Coat*,

p. 30. Whereas thou say'st the Brethren, Godly, &c. rode out with the Sisters, Helpers, &c. I do confess, thank, acknowledge their Loving-kindness therein; and if they did Evil in sticking Rosemary and Bay upon their Vessels, Bodies, outward Folks, as thou say'st; against the Doctrine and Discipline of the Presbyterian Church, it is no more than the Members, Tools, Limbs of the Devil and thy Synagogue did to the Patriarch Patron, and Founder of their ~~James~~ Naylor, whom they exalted above his Brethren upon an Ass, and ran bare before both, against the fundamental known establish'd Rule, Canon, Constitution, of their disorderly Order. See *The Buckle of the Canonical Girdle turn'd*, p. 63. *The Quaker Quast'd*, p. 4.

Whereas thou say'st my Works are bound up in Hat-cases, &c. If thou would'st but buy one of those, and put thy Hat thereto, it would operate upon, and instil into thy Noddle, sence Logger-head more Sensible Reason, Understanding, and teach thee better Manners than to keep it on before a Courte of Justice; by which thou dost but shew, declare,

declare, demonstrate, that thou hast a Crack, Flaw, soft Place in thy Skull; and in that respect art very careful to keep it warm, lest thy sickly Brains (if thou hast any) should take cold. And as for those Chandlers and Haberdashers of small Wares, &c. which thou say'st have undertaken to oppose, answer, confute me: Verily, they will find it a harder Task than they are aware of, for I have already Written, Printed, Published 160 odd Works, Books, Labours; and before they have done with those, do not doubt to have as many more in a readiness, and to find Employment, Work, Business enough for them all; as long as Church and State can furnish, store, supply the with Subject Matter. Provided I may have procure enough to carry on the Work, and can but procure, induce, engage our Presbyterian Brethren, the Nonconformists, to help, aid and assist me, which (it being so much for their own Advantage, Interest, Concernment, and they having at present nothing else to do) I do not doubt to obtain.

THE
GENEVA BALLAD.

By Mr. BUTLER, Author of
HUDIBRAS.

OF all the Factions in the Town,
Mov'd by the French Springs or Flemish
None treads Religion upside down,
Or tears Pretences out at Heels,
Like Splaymorth with his brace of Caps
Whose Conscience might be scan'd per-
By the dimensions of his Chaps. (haps

He

II.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all divine,
Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine ;
Nay, he can below, bray or bark,
Way ever like a Beauk-learn'd Clerk,
That speak all *Linguas* of the Ark.

III.

To draw in Proselytes like Bees,
With pleasing twangs he tones his Prose ;
He gives his Hankerchief a squeeze,
And draws *John Calvin* thro' his Nose ;
Motive on Motive he obstrudes,
With slip-stockin Similitudes,
Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

IV.

When Monarchy began to bleed,
And Treason had a fine new Name ;

When

When *Thames* was balderdash'd with
 (Tweed,
 And Pulpits did like Beacons flame ;
 When *Jeroboam's* Calves were rear'd,
 And *Loud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd
 This Gospel-Comer first appear'd.

V.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd
 His Sovereign Liege of Power and Land:

And having smote his Master, slip'd
 His Sword into his Fellow's Hand :

But he that wears his Eyes may note,
 Oft-times the Butcher binds a Goat,
 And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

VI.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
 Outweigh'd Qu. *Mary's* many Grains ;

His very Preaching slew more Men,
 Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes and
 (Chains.

With Dog-Star Zeal and Lungs like
 (Boreas,
 He

He fought and taught, and what's
(notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him glo-
rious,

VII.

Yet drew for King and Parliament,
As if the Wind cou'd stand North-South,
Broke Moses's Law with blest intent,
Murther'd, and then he wip'd his Mouth,
Oblivion alters not his Case,
Nor Clemency, nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an Ethiopian's Face.

VIII.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in swarms,
He bawls aloud, Sirs leave your Sins,
But whispers, Boys, stand to your Arms.
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdued,
Money I mean, and Multitude.

IX.

IX.

Magistrates he regards no more
 Than St. George or the King of Colen,

Vowing he'll not conform before
 The old Wives wind their Dead in
 (Woollen.

He calls the Bishop Grey-beard Coff,
 And makes his Power as meer a Scoff
 As Dagon, when his Hands were off.

X.

Hark ! how he opens with full cry,
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME,
 Cowards that are afraid to die.
 Thus make domestick Broils at home.

How quietly Great Charles might
 (Reign, Would all these Hot-spurs cross the
 (Main,
 And preach down Popery in Spain.

XI.

The starry Rite of Heaven is fixt,
 There's no dissention in the Sky ;
 And

And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confusion and Conformity?

A Place divided never thrives,
Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worse where Children play with
(Knives.

XII.

I wou'd as soon turn back to Mass,
Or change my Phrase to *Thee* and *Thou* ;
Let the *Pope* ride me like an Ass,
And his Priests milk me like a Cow :
As Buckle to *Smeclymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o' th' ~~good~~ old Cause,
That have Doves Plumes, but Vul-
(tures Claws.

XIII.

For 'twas the *Holy Kite* that nurs'd
The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew ;
Foul Errors mortly Vesture first
Was coated in a Northern Blue :
And what's th' enthusiastick Breed,
Or Men of *Knipperdolin's* Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to Seed.

XIV.

XIV.

Yet they all cry they love the King,
 And make boast of their Innocence ;
 There cannot be so vile a Thing
 But may be cover'd with Pretence :
 Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear
 No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
 No Traitor like Jack-Presbyter.



THE



THE ROUND-HEAD.

By Mr. BUTLER, Author of
Hudibras.

I.

What Creature's that with his short
His little Band, and huge long Ears,
That this new Faith hath founded?
The Saints themselves were never such,
The Prelate ne'er rul'd half so much.

O! such a Rogue's a Round-head.
L What's

II.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
 And counts their Calling Reprobate,
 'Cause by the Pope propounded;
 And thinks a zealous Cobler better,
 Than learned *Usher* in every Letter?

O! such a Rogue's a Round-head.

III.

What's he that doth High-Treason say,
 As often as his *Yea* and *Nay*,
 And wish the King confounded;
 And dares maintain that Mr. *Pim*
 Is fitter for a Crown than him?

O! such a Rogue's a Round-head.

IV.

What's he that if he chance to hear
 A little piece of *Common-Prayer*,

Doth

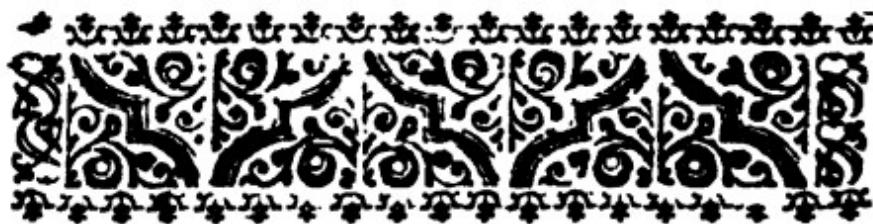
Doth think his Conscience wounded,
Will go five Miles to Preach and Pray,
And meet a Sister by the way?

O! such a Rogue's a Round-head.

V.

What's he that met a Holy Sister,
And in a Haycock gently kiss'd her,
O! then his Zeal abounded:
'Twas underneath a shady Willow,
Her Bible serv'd her for a Pillow?
And there he got a Round-head.





THE TURNOAT.

To the Tune of, *London is a fine Town.*

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER,
Author of *Hudibras.*

I.

I Lov'd no King since Forty One,
When Prelacy went down,
A Cloak and Band I then put on,
And preach'd against the Crown.

Chorus

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,
That Cants to admiration,
And prays for any King to gain
The Peoples Approbation.*

II.

I shew'd the Paths to Heav'n untrod,
From Pop'ry to refine 'em,
And taught the People to serve God,
As if the Devil were in 'em.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

III.

When Charles return'd into our Land,
The English Church Supporter,
I shifted off my Cloak and Band,
And so became a Courtier.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

IV.

The King's Religion I profest,
 And found there was no harm in't ;
 I cogg'd and flatter'd, like the rest,
 Till I had got Preferment.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

V.

I taught my Conscience how to cope
 With Honesty or Evil ;
 And when I rail'd against the Pope,
 I sided with the Devil.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,
 That Gants to admiration,
 And prays for any King to gain
 The Peoples Approbation.*

T H E

THE
CHARACTERS
OF THE
Five Sectaries,

THE

Presbyterian, | Quaker, and,
Independant, | Fifth Monar-
Anabaptist, | chy-Men.

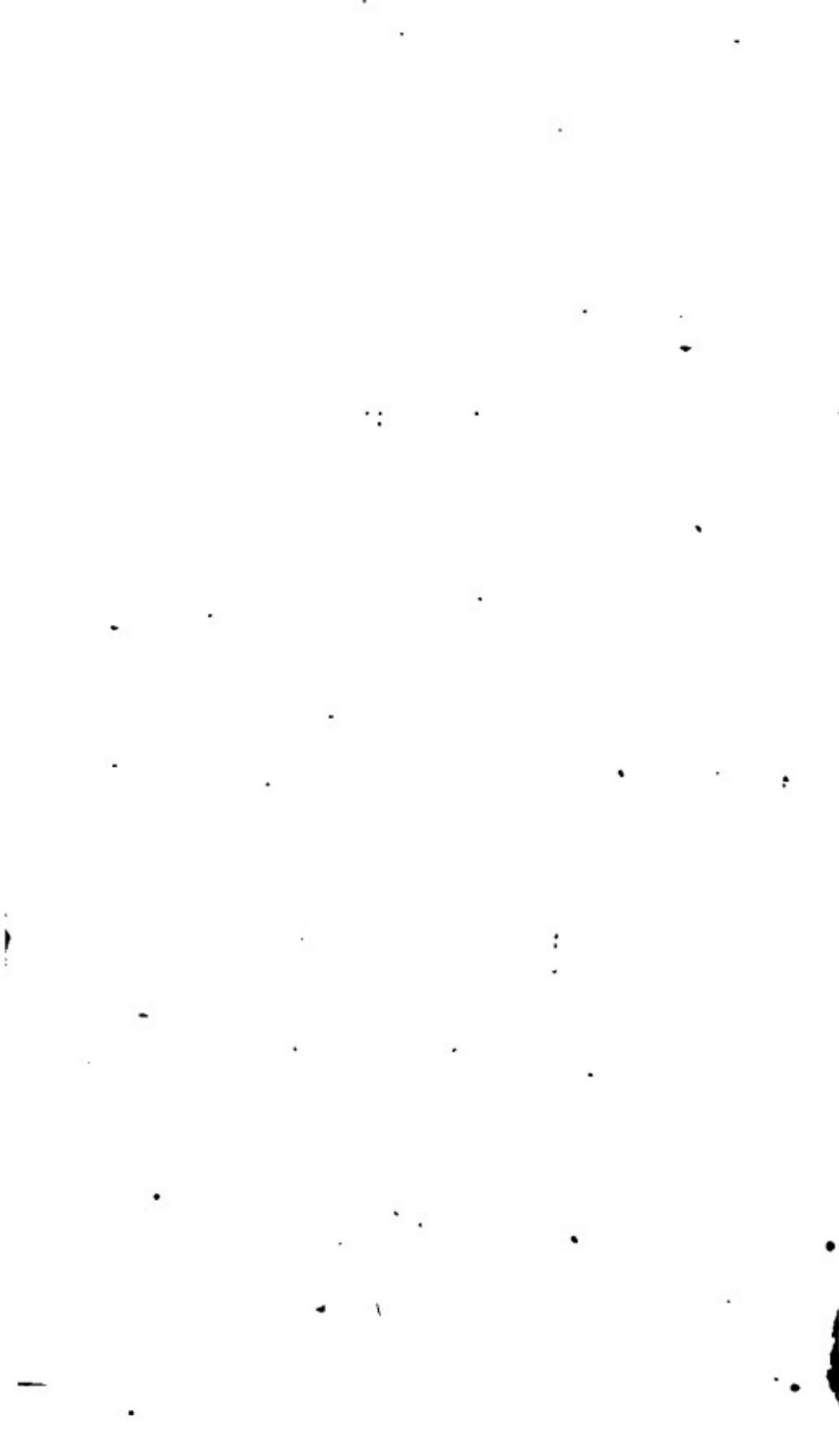
Concluding

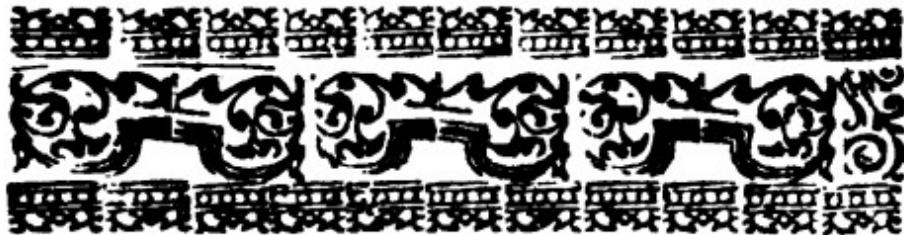
With Advice to King Charles
the Second.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M DCC XV.





The CHARACTERS of the Five Sectaries.

OUR ancient Poets sung of Crowds
Of Gods that dwelt beyond the
(Clouds,
And of the Goddesses they bedded,
As Mortals do their Wives when wedded.
Which shews, that in these pious Days,
The World did many Altars raise,
And taught by Poet, well as Priest,
Ader'd the Gods they lik'd the best,

Yet ne'er disputed unto whom
They paid a publick Hecatomb ;
Or why one Great Immortal Brother
Was more respected than another :
But all were mutually agreed
To worship with most solemn heed,
The Gods of whom they'd greatest
(need.) }
As Flatterers adore those Friends
At Court who best can serve their Ends,
And cringe to him whose giving Hand
Has most Donations at command.
The Ambitious Man apply'd to *Jove*,
The Am'rous to the God of Love,
The Soldier to victorious *Mars*,
To keep him safe from Wounds and Scars
The Poet to *Apollo's* Shrine,
The Toaper to the God of Wine,
The Whore to *Venus*, for Gallants,
To cool her Lust and ease her Wants ;

The Hunter and abstemious Maid
Oblations to *Diana* paid,
And Mariners in all Distress,
Apply'd to *Neptune* for redress :
A Thousand Deities beside,
And Demi-gods to Gods ally'd,
Were worship'd in the Times of old,
As were by ancient Authors told :
Nay, some ador'd, for sundry Reasons,
The Sun, that gives the World its Seasons,
And to the Moon, that shines by Night,
Paid equal Homage for her Light ;
Whilst others were such pious Fools,
To worship even Geese and Owls ;
And without Cavils or Disputes,
Oblations made to Birds and Brutes,
And with rich costly Banquets serv'd,
Each wooden God themselves had carv'd.

Altho'

228 *The Character of*
Altho' they knew the Log divine
No Stomach had to Meat or Wine,
But in those Days they'd Priests that us'd
To pick up what their Gods refus'd,
Wisely considering 'twas not fitting
Good Food should spoil for want of
(eating.

However, in those Pious Times,
Mankind were conscious of their Crimes,
And would not bluster, rave and bicker
For Dame Religion in their Liquor,
As roaring Bullies do when tipsy,
For this fair Punk, or that lewd Gypsy.
Then Garlands were on Maypoles hung,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds danc'd
(and sung,
. And rural Swains with Pipes and Tabors
Delighted both themselves and Neigh-
(bours,
Enjoy'd their Bread in peace and quiet,
Without Contention, Feud, or Riot ;
Obey'd

Obey'd their Princes unmolested,
And pay'd due rev'rence to the Priest-
hood ;
But in these Days of Reformation,
When Faith depends on Revelation,
And we but one Great God adore,
The giddy World is plagu'd with more
Religious Whims than heretofore : }
As if each dreaming *Tom a doodle*,
With crop-ear'd melancholy Noddle,
Had right to tease, misguide and bait us
With some new holy *Ignis fatuus*,
And putting on a sober Face,
That outward Sign of inward Grace,
Pretend, without a Page of Learning,
To be more knowing and discerning,
In all mysterious holy Matters,
Than half a hundred *Pauls or Peters.*

230 The CHARACTERS of
The first of these that undermine
The Church, and all that is Divine,
Is prickear'd *Presbyterian Jack*,
That preaching, praying, whining Quack
Who does more harm 'mong Female
(Plackets,
Than old *Pontius* with his Packets.
A King he hates, tho' for no reason,
But for the Love he bears to Treason ;
The very best of God's Vicegerents,
By him are represented Tyrants :
All Loyalty, but flatt'ring Knav'ry,
And true Allegiance, downright Slav'ry.
Yet none can more imperious be,
Or claim more rev'rence than he.
To Bishops he's a Foe most spightful,
The very Name to him is frightful ;
And Lawn he scorns, because his Merit,
He knows, can never reach to wear it.

*So he that travels thro' the Streets
On Foot, derides the Coach he meets,
Not for its rattling thro' the Town,
But 'cause himself has ne'er a one.*

*Whene'er in boarded Booth he teaches,
The only Doctrine that he preaches,
Is loudly railing 'gainst his Betters,
And binding Kings in Chains and Fetters
That all within his Holy Place,
May suck Rebellion in with Grace,
And when occasion serves, be ready
To pull down Sov'reign Lord or Lady.
The Church he wickedly blasphemeth,
And shews his Malice in Extremes;
Condemns her to his gaping Hearers,
For holding many Popish Errors;
Calls her the Babylonian Whore,
And gives her fifty Titles more,*

Deriv'd

232 *The CHARACTERS of*
Deriv'd from *Calvin, Knox, and others*
That justly maybe deem'd their Brothers
His Morals are intirely such
As held and practic'd by the *Dutch,*
Extracted from *Geneva College,*
Where callow Saints improve their
(Knowledge,
And learn, when young, to cover baile
Opinions with a godly Face;
And as soine wise Observers tell us,
To be religioufly Rebellious,
And misapply, like mad Divines,
The Word of God to bad Designs.

So pious Matron that beguiles
Her Husband, and her Bed defiles,
To shew her undigested Goodness,
Talks Scripture even in her Lewdness.

* The next Reformer of the Nation,
Who Cants and Prays by Inspiration,
Affects

Affects the Name of *Independent*,
In vile Hypocrisy transcendant :
This Saint receives his Ordination
From th'Elders of the Congregation,
They give him Pow'r to first conduct 'em,
Then does he bless 'em and instruct 'em,
And by long Lectures ill collected,
Direct 'em as they'd be directed :
Learning and all Degrees of Schools
They hold unnecessary Rules,
And think, by Grace, a Cobling Zealot
May prove as wise as Priest or Prelat,
And expound Scripture to their Hearers,
By Inspiration, without Errors,
As well as he who has at College
Chop'd *Logic* to improve his Knowledge
Church Matters they debate by Laymen,
And give great Privilege to Women,

234 *The CHARACTERS of*
Allow their Teachers, who can Stitch
A Shoe, perhaps, as well as preach,
To mind their Work all days but one day,
On which they cant, and that's the Sun-
(day.)
Their Teachers have no Pow'r supream
O'er those they teach, but they o'er them
And for the meanest trivial things,
Depose them as they would their Kings:
First taught by Jesuits in disguise,
To foster what the Church denies,
And to maintain such heath'nish Points
As make'em such rebellious Saints:
From them and other Priests of *Rome*
Who, to confound us, hither come,
The Independency Saint derives
Those wretched Tenets he revives,
And all that stiff-neck'd holy Pride
The Zealot shews in e'ry Stride:

His

His quaint Grimace, as full of spight
As pamper'd Horse just going to Bite:
His Cloak, his Collar, and his Band,
That do more Mischief underhand
Than fifty Guides of Parish Flocks
Do good by drumming Orthodox.

Among thefe rank rebellious Weeds,
The *Anabaptist* next succeeds ;
These Saints derive their way of fooling
From *Sutor*, *Humor*, *Knippending*,
Hut, *Hetzer*, *Hofman*, and a Crew
Of frantick Fools, the Lord knows who,
Some Botchers, others Cobling Zealots,
That follow'd neither Priest nor Prelats,
But roar'd at both, like Bear or Dragon
And preach'd sometimes without a rag
(or,
Which made the Women flock to see
The Tokens of their Sanctity,
And

And to behold the naked truth,
As well as hear it from the Mouth.
These Sons of Grace and of Adoption,
Refin'd from Sin and all Corruption,
So cross-grain'd, holy and morose,
Love Coin, altho' they hate the Cross ;
Are therefore full of idle Scepti'sm,
Concerning of its Sign in Baptism ;
Nor can his Intellects conclude
The Type of Sprinkling to be good ;
Yet will in solemn Words assert,
He loves the Church with all his Heart,
And cou'd conform, with a Proviso,
She'd into *Bapto* change *Baptizo*.
His Doctrine chiefly is upon
The ancient use of *Baptist John*,
Whose sacred Customs the Enthusion
Prefers to'r Saviour's Institution,

And

And rather than with God comply,
Will upon mortal Man rely,
Who was not worthy to unloose
The Latchets of our Saviour's Shoes.
The Fout he will not hear a word on,
But flies away to th' River *Jordan*;
And tho' no sprinkling will go down,
He'll dip you there until you drown.
Thus many at a Straw will stumble
That leap o'er Logs and never grumble.
So the stiff Consciences of those
Who are the Church's greatest Foes,
With little Sins are apt to struggle,
But swallow great ones without boggle.

The *Quaker* next, that Quirpo Saint,
In Dress and Speech so very quaint,
Whose holy Pride would chuse much
(rather)
To hazard Hell than say, *Our Father* ;
Or

238 *The CHARACTERS of*
Or sooner bend to Psalm or Psalter,
Than bow his Head before the Altar.
Among the rest promotes the Notion
Of Pop'ry and of Persecution,
And in his groaning Fits abuses
The Church for what she never uses,
Cries out the Horned Beast, the Dragon,
The Scarlet Whore, the Pope, the Pagan,
When all the Whims that cause his sad-
ness,
Proceed from Folly, Zeal, and Madness,
Which in his crazy Crown unite,
And kindle what he calls the Light,
An *Ignis fatuus* that bewitches
Like that which springs from marshy
Ditches,
And leads him into foul Mistakes,
As t'other into thorny Brakes.
Much Conscience he pretends to use,
But deals with Churchmen as with Jews;

And

And tho' he will not fwear, will play
The cunning Knave, by Tea and Nay,
With sober Verilie's outwit ye,
And in a solemn manner cheat ye;
Desires the Wicked to deceive him,
Yet cozens all Men that believe him,
And costly Sins, for which he cares not,
Makes up with lying, tho' he fwears not,
Which shews his Conscience can detest
All Vice but what he likes the best.
As Women who reserve their Kisses,
Because they value not Love's Blisses,
Compound for the neglect of Joy,
And to the Closet-Bottle fly.

The next pretending Son of Grace,
With formal Mien and solemn Face,
Is the *Fifth Monarchy* Enthusion,
The Pink and Pattern of Confusion;

A stub.

240 *The CHARACTERS of*
A stubborn Rebel, who, to tease us,
Will own no other King but *Jesus*;
And him, was he on Earth to reign,
The Saints would crucify again,
Or serve him as themselves and Fellows,
Who were a scandal to the Gallows,
Did the best King, the bravest Sov'reign
That e'er had Right Divine to govern.
These, if the Devil e'er possest
One wicked Sect above the rest,
Are surely those whose Words & Actions
Are under *Belzebub's* Directions.
In this Enthusiaſt Hick
The maddest of the Saints appear'd,
Those sacred Rogues who were the
(proudest
Of Deeds the blackest and the bloody'ſt,
And had the saving Grace to boast
Of the worst Villanies the moſt,

As

As if they wanted to excel
 On Earth the Wickedness of Hell,
 And vilely hop'd, by dint of Blood,
 To turn all Evil into Good.

As Rebels when they win the Day,
O'er Lawful Pow'rs usurp the Sway,
And by new Precepts of their own }
Charge all the Crimes themselves have }
On those they've wrong'd and over-
(done, thrown.) }

Of these and all the other Saints,
 Who've given the Christian Church such
 Murder'd their King, usurp'd the Throne
 And turn'd the Kingdom upside down,
 O England, England! have a care,
 No Mercy shew, or Justice spare,
 To whining Holy Cheats that pray,
 As Witches do, the backward way,

242 *The CHARACTERS of*
And ne'er invoke the God of Peace,
Except to bless their Villanies.

O *England!* look a little back,
Behold how daring and how black
A Progress they had lately made,
When all was in Confusion laid,
And no Man's Life, or his Estate
Secure from their rebellious Hate ;
The Churches they to Stables turn'd,
And Prisons, where the Loyal mourn'd;
The Pulpit to a sinful Box
Of Treason, 'Stead of Orthodox ;
Whitehall, where Princes us'd to meet,
Transform'd into a Rebel's Seat,
Where Pious Knaves, with one accord,
Together kneel'd to seek the Lord ;
The Nation to a Field of Blood,
Where Traytors triumph'd o'er the good.

And

}

And made the profitable Toils
 Of others their continual Spoils ;
 The Laws against the Church and Crown
 Were turn'd to pull and keep 'em down,
 And all Religion into base
 Hypocrisy and dull Grimace.
 Therefore, O King ! let e'ry Sect, . . .
 By wholsome Laws be duly check'd:
 Thy just Prerogative extend,
 Assert thy Throne, the Church defend,
 And timely pare the Hydra's Claws,
 Or thou wilt find the *Good Old Cause*
 New strength will of a sudden gather,
 And serve thee as she did thy Father.



1. *Chlorophytum comosum* L.

2. *Chlorophytum comosum* L.

3. *Chlorophytum comosum* L.

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28. *Chlorophytum comosum* L.

29. *Chlorophytum comosum* L.

30. *Chlorophytum comosum* L.

A Key to the
COURT

OF

King CHARLES II.

A Burlesque Poem on the
Lords and Ladies, written
by Mr. Butler.

The Court Mistresses.

THE Character of Nell Gwin.

Page 19.

The Character of Moll Davis. 20.

The Character of the Countess of Ca-
stlemain, afterwards Duchess of
Cleveland. 24.

The Character of the Duchess of
Portsmouth. 25.

The

A Key to the COUR T, &c.

The Statesmen.

- The Character of my Lord Chancellor C----don,* 30
The Character of the Earl of D--by, Lord Treasurer. 32
The Character of George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham. 36
The Character of James Duke of Monmouth. 44
The Character of the Earl of Shaftsbury. 57
The Character of the Duke of Lauderdale. 60
The Character of John Wilmot, late Earl of Rochester.



A

K E Y TO *HUDIBRAS.*

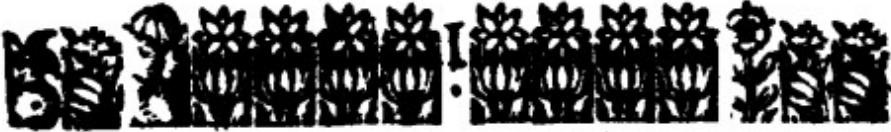
Written by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M DCC XV:





TO THE

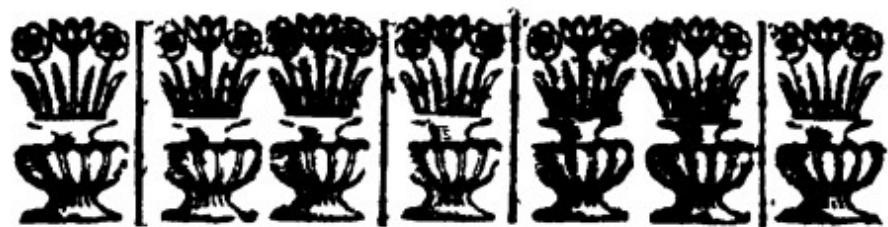
READER.

THIS Key that is now presented to the Publick I procured many Years since from my Learned Friend Dr. Midgley, who assured me, that it was written by Sir Roger L'estrange to oblige a Person of Quality. But on the earnest Solicitations of the Publisher of these Posthumous Works of Mr. Butler, I gave him this Manuscript, which I believe will an-

To the READER.

swer his Ends, and oblige the World till a better Key can be found out. I am of Opinion, that there can't be a greater Service done to my Country, than exposing the Principles of a Rebellious Republican Party, whose only Aims are Anarchy, Confusion, and utter subversion to true Religion and Monarchical Government.





A N

Alphabetical Key

T O

HUDIBRAS,

Paged to the last Edition.

Page 11. line 337.

For Arthur more in Hell.

Prince *Arthur*, one of the Nine Worthies of the World.

Page

A Key to Hudibras.

Page 38. line 249.

----- *Bruin march'd next him,
With Visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Sarazen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own Kin.*

Bruin or Turk, Bear or Dog, signify the different Sects in those Rebellious Times ; which *Hudibras*, the chief Hero of Mr. Butler's Poem, would make Confederates for the suppressing of Kingly Government and Episcopacy.

Page 42. line 412.

*Cerdon the great renown'd in Song,
Like Herc'les for reprise of Wrong.*

By *Cerdon* is meant one-ey'd *Hewson* the Cobler, who, from a private Centinel in the Parliament Army was made a Colonel.

Page 71. line 153.

----- *Circumcis'd Brethren.*

Viz. *Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne*, who lost their Ears in the Pillory, had their Noses slit, and were stigmatiz'd in

in the Forehead for lampooning *Henrietta Maria Queen of England*, and the Bishops.

Pag. 43. line 442.

*Colon came, bold Man of War,
Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star.*

This *Colon* hints at one *Ned Perry*, an Hostler, who tho' he lov'd Bear-baiting, was nevertheless such a strange *Precision*, that he wou'd lie with any Whore, but the *Whore of Babylon*.

Page 33. line 106.

Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

He hints at one *Jackson* a Milliner in the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*; who falling to decay, by losing a Leg in the *Roundheads Service*, he was oblig'd to scrape upon a Violin from one Alehouse to another, for his Bread.

Page 296. line 1200.

— Croisado General.

Lord *Fairfax*, General of the Parliamentarian Army.

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A Key to HU DIBRAS.

Page 178. Line 404.
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a merry Astrologer,
and pleafant Companion of *Ben John-
son's*.

Page 2. line 40.

H U D I B R A S.

A Name which the Author of that
excellent Poem so Intitl'd, bestows on
Sir *Samuel Luke* of *Bedfordshire*; a
Self-conceited Commander under *Oliver
Cromwell*.

Page 171. line 163.

Appear in divers Shapes to Kelly.

This *Kelly* was an *Irish Priest*, who
fomented the Rebellion, by preaching
in Disguise among the Dissenters of
thofe Times.

Page 237. line 886.

*The Nymphs of chaste Diana's strain,
The fame with thofe in Lukener's-lane*

Lukener's-Lane, a Place ſtill a Re-
dezvous

A Key to HUDEBRAS.

dezvous and Nursery for lewd Women;
but first resorted to by the Roundheads.

Page 40. line 331.

----- Magnano came,
Magnano great in Martial Fame.

Magnano here is put for Simeon Wait, a Tinker, as famous an Independent Preacher as Burroughs; who, with equal Blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would stile Oliver Cromwel the Archangel giving Battle to the Devil.

Page 28. line 90.

This sung there is a valiant Mamaluke.

The Author means by this Person Sir Samuel Luke, the chief Hero of his Poem.

Page 342. Line 188.

----- Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.

One of the Assembly of Dissenting Ministers, noted for his ugly Beard.

Page

A Key to Hudibras.

Page 267. line 216.

----- Oliver gave up his Reign.

By this Mr. *Butler* points at the great Hurricane which happen'd at the Death of this infamous Usurper ; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull'd down Churches for Edification.

Page 35. line 147.

----- Orfin famous for
Wise Conduct and Success in War.

This fictitious Name seems to hint at one *Joshua Gostlin*, who kept Bears at *Paris-Garden* on *Southwark* side ; however, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

Page 133. line 725.

----- Philosophers of late here.

Hinting at Sir *Kenelm Digby* ; who, in his Book of Bodies, gives the Relation of a *German Boy*, living in the Woods, and going on his Hands and Feet, like a four-footed Beast.

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A Key to Hudibras.

Page 272. line 351.

----- *Politician,*

With more Heads than Beast in Vision.

Sir Anthony Asbly Cooper, noted as much for his Tap, as his Tryal : when Earl of Shaftshury at the Sessions-House in the Old-Baily, on Thursday the 24th of November, 1681, for High-Treason ; part of the Indictment against him being for speaking irreverently and slightly against the King, *That he was a weak Man, an inconstant Man, of no firm or settled Resolution ; easily led by the Nose, as his Father was, by a Popish Queen, which was his Ruine.*

Page 99. line 1122.

Pope's Bull

Alluding to a Book intituled, *The Pope's Bull baited* ; a Polemical Piece of Divinity, said to be written by the Learned Doctor Whitaker.

Page 297. line 1250.

Puder.

A Drayman, who was a Colonel in the Rebels Army.

Page

A Key to Hudibras.

Page 15. line 457.

— Ralpho,

That in th' Adventure went his half.

This *Ralpho* was *Isaac Robinson*, Squire to *Hudibras*; and a zealous Butcher in *Moorfields*, who, in the time of the Rebellion in Forty One, was always contriving some new Quirpo-cut of Church-Government.

Page 273. line 422.

— *To match this Saint.*

Meaning by this venerable Name, that infamous Rebel Colonel *John Lilburn*.

Page 179. Line 436.

— Sedgwick.

And some of us find out by Magick.

A noted *Puritan*, who predicted the Day of Judgment was to happen on a certain Day of the Month, in the Year 1645; but his Prediction is not yet come to pass.

A Key to Hudibras.

Page 169. line 100.

— Sidrophel,
That deals in Destiny's dark Counsels,
And sage Opinions of the Moon fells.

This points at *Lilly* the Astrologer; who gave out such Predictions against the Royal Family, that he had like to have been hang'd for 'em after the Restoration.

Page 46. line 526.

Six Members Quarrels to espouse.

They were the Lord Kimbolton, Hollis, Pim, Hambden, Stroud, and Sir Arthur Hopton; notorious Rebels, always plotting with the Scots; whereupon King Charles the First preferring Articles against them, sent his Guards to seize them in the House of Commons; but on notice thereof they fled from Justice. Mr. Cleveland takes notice of this Kimbolton thus:

Rupert, the Great Rupert soundeth so,
Kimbolton's but a Wheelbarrow.

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A Key to HU DIBRAS.

Page 100. line 1166.

Smeck.

A contraction of *Smectymnuus*, a Word made up of the initial Letters of the Christian and Surnames of five Factious Rebels; namely, *Stephen Marshal*, *Edmund Calamy*, *Thomas Young*, *Matthew Newcommen*, and *William Spurstow*; who writ a Book against Episcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all subscrib'd their Names. Of these Club-Preachers *Cleaveland* thus writes:

Smectymnuus! the Goblin makes me
I'th' Name of Rabbi Abraham, what art?
Syriack, or Arabick, or Welsh, what
Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel built,
Some Conjuror translate, and let me
Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.
But do the Brotherhood then play their
Like Mummers in Religion with Dis-
Out-

(start,
(skilt?
(know it;
(Prizes,
(guises?

A Key to HUDBRAS.

Outbrawe us with a Name in Rank
(and File,
A Name, which if 'twere train'd,
wou'd spread a Mile.
The Saints Monopoly, the zealous Clu-
(ster,
Which, like a Porcupine, presents a
(Muster,
And shoots his Quills at Bisho^ps and
(their Sees,
A devout Litter of young Maccabees.

Page 328. line 577.

An old dull Sot at Bridewel-Dock.

One *Prideaux*, a pragmatical Ju-
stice of the Peace, noted as much for
his extorting Money from Delinquents,
as his Disloyalty to his Sovereign.

Page 267. line 220.

----- Sterry.

A Fanatical Preacher admir'd by
Hugh Peters for his Treasonable Di-
courses when he held forth.

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A Key to Hudibras.

Page 263. line 78.

*And laid about as hot and brainsick,
As th' utter Barister of Swansick.*

Meaning by this Barister *William Prynne*, who was at Lincoln's-Inn, and a great stickler against Kingly Government.

Page 39. line 299.

*Talgol was of Courage stout,
And vanquis'd oftner than he fought.*

He was a Butcher in Newgate-Market; his Name was *Jackson*; and obtain'd a Captain's Commission for his rebellious Bravery at Naseby Fight.

Page 41. line 365.

*Trulla more bright,
Than burnisht Armour of her Knight.*

The Daughter of *James Spencer*; a Quaker, debauch'd first by her Father; and then by *Magnano* the Tinker above mention'd.

Page

A Key to Hudibras.

Page 267. line 231.
— Lame Vicegerent.

Meaning Richard, the eldest Son of Oliver, proclaim'd Protector after his Father's Death.

Page 176. line 325.
Whacum, bred to dash and draw,
Not Wine, but more unwholsome Law.

Tom Jones, a foolish Wolfman that could neither Write nor Read, Zany to Lilly the Astrologer.

Page 75. line 312.
Widow's Jointure-Land.

The precious Relique of Aminda~~b~~ Wilmot, an Independant, kill'd at the Fight of Edge-hill; and having Two hundred Pounds per Annum left her for a Jointure, Hudibras fell ~~in~~ Love with her, or did worse.

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